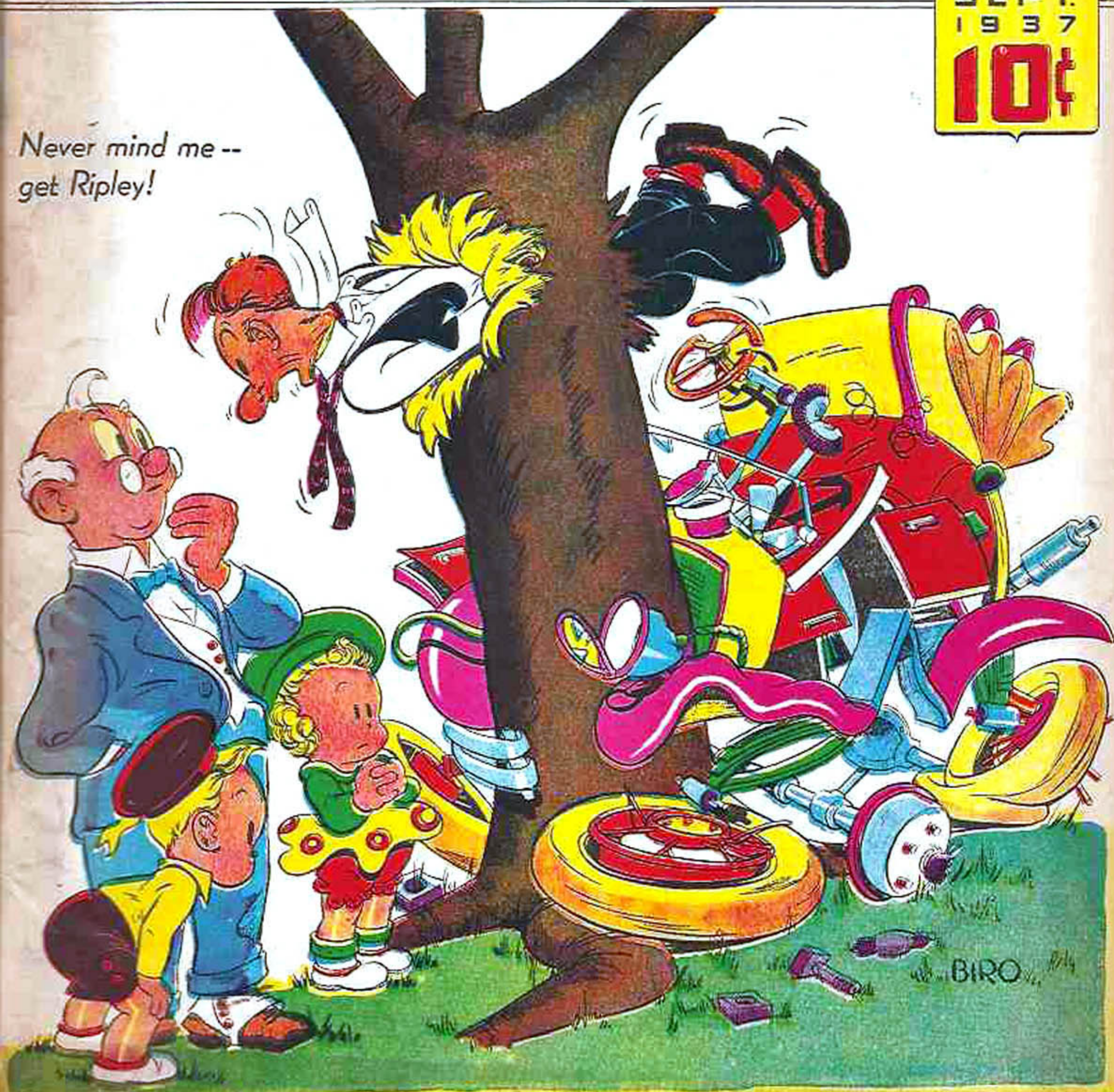


★ STAR ★ COMICS

A RAPID VIEW OF FUN THAT'S NEW

SEPT.
1937
10¢

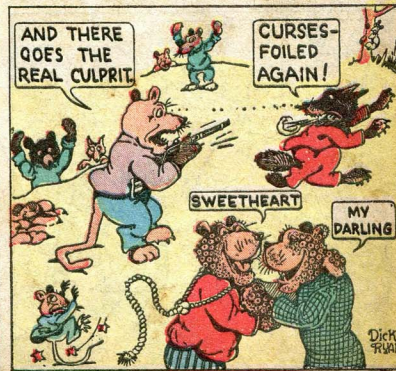
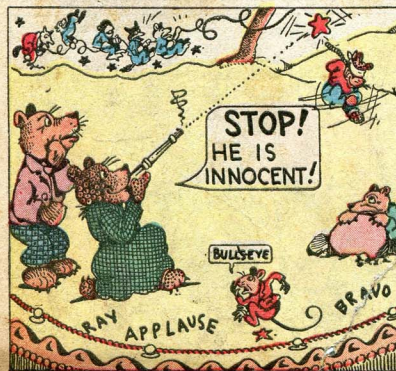
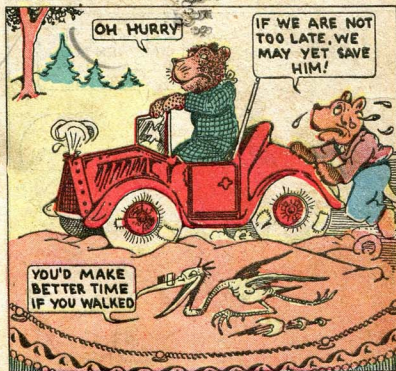
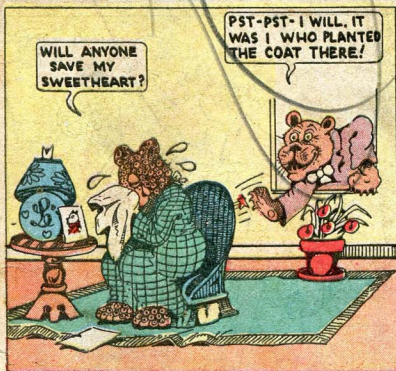
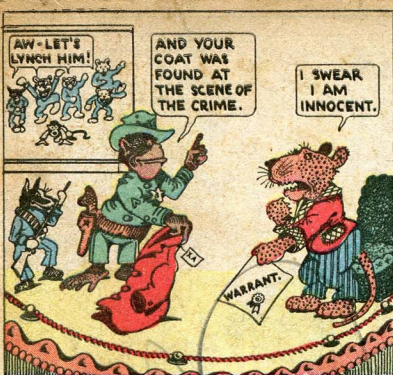
Never mind me --
get Ripley!



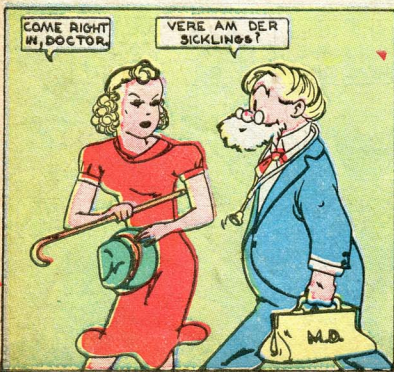
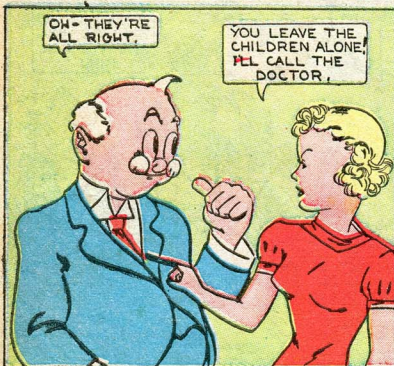
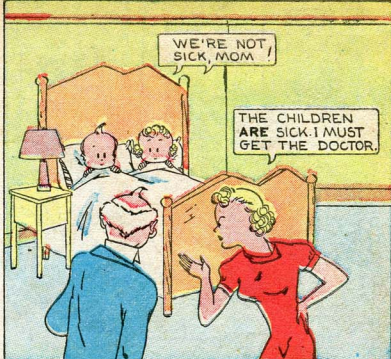
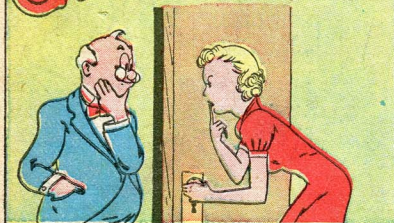
LAUGHS FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

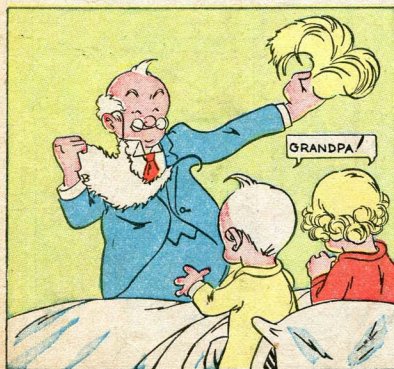
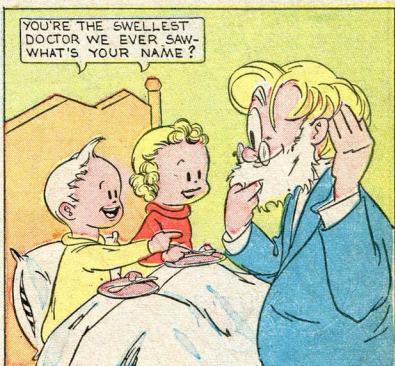
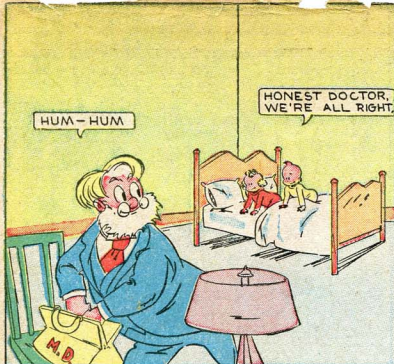


WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

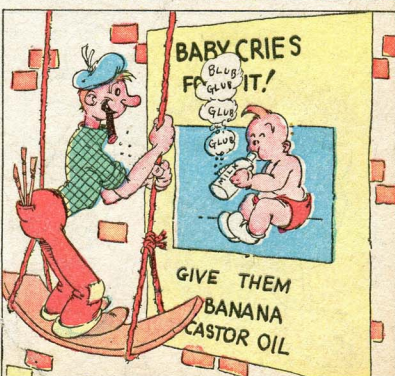
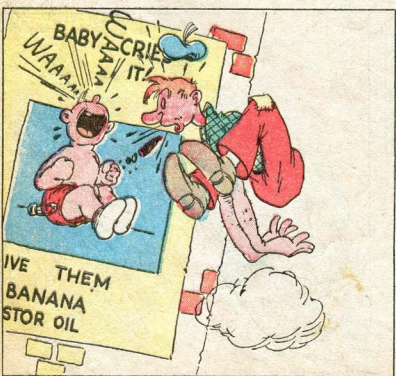
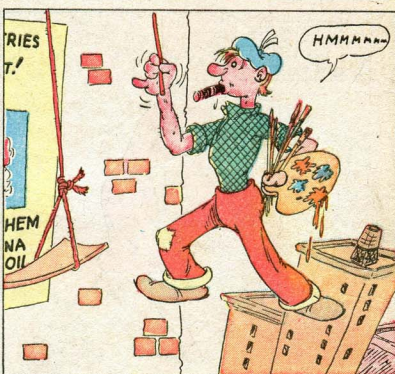
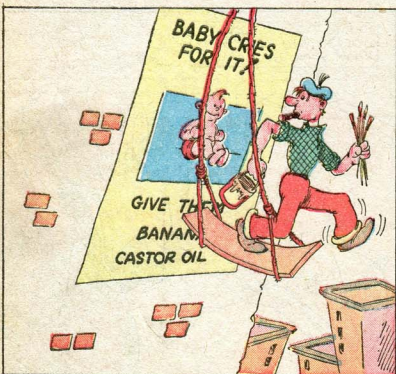
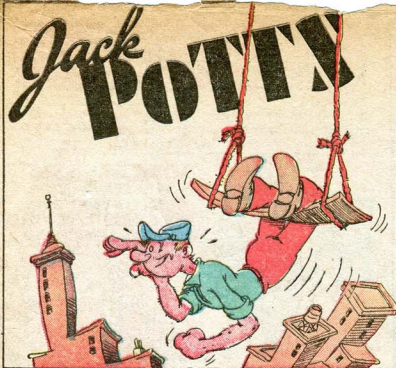


FOXY GRANDPA

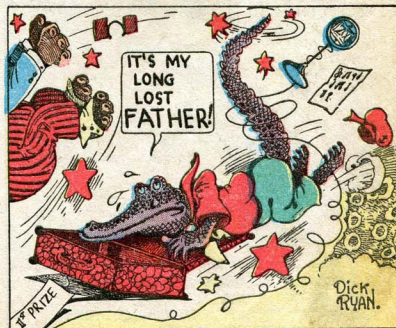
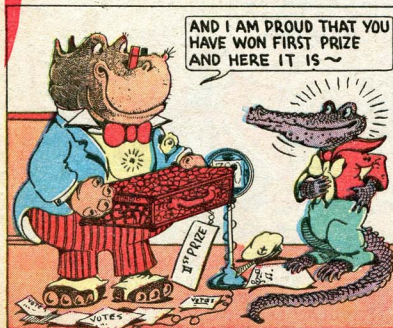
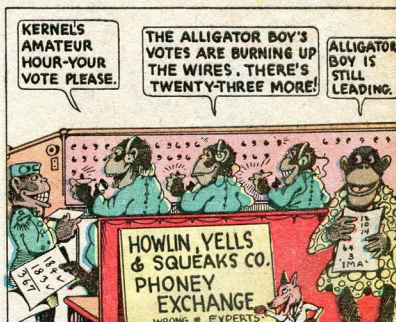
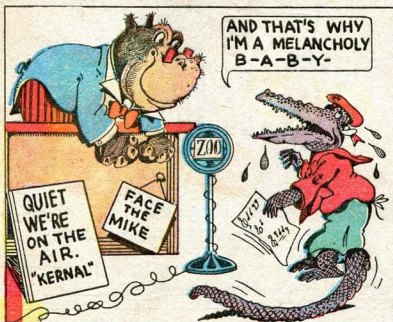
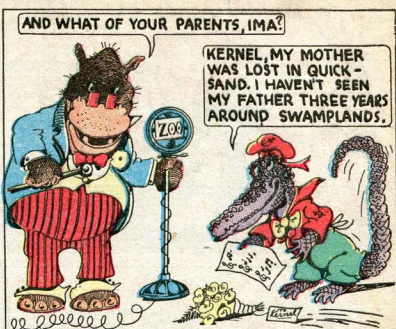
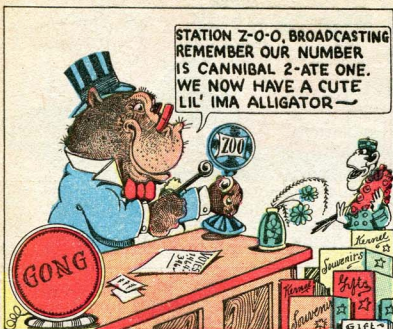




Jack Potts



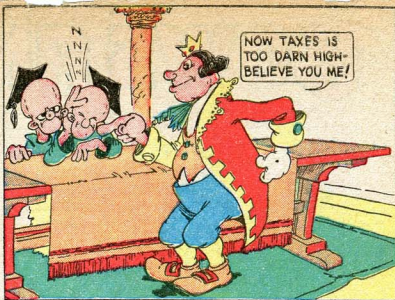
BOWS AN' ARROWS



King Koles' Kourt

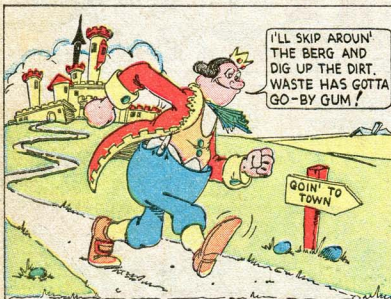


CHEESE IT!
THE BILL COLLECTORS.



NOW TAXES IS
TOO DARN HIGH-
BELIEVE YOU ME!

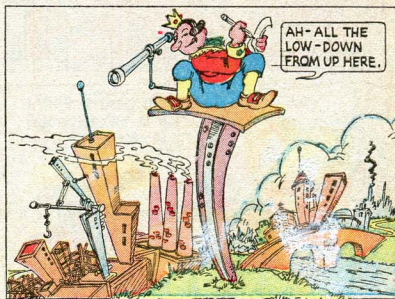
OLD KING KOLE CALLED IN HIS KOURT
AND SAID, "HOW ARE WE DOING?
I HEAR THAT TAXES ARE TOO HIGH
I THINK THERE'S TROUBLE BREWING



I'LL SKIP AROUND
THE BERG AND
DIG UP THE DIRT.
WASTE HAS GOTTA
GO-BY GUM!

GOIN' TO
TOWN

"SO I'LL GO OUT UPON SURVEY,
TO SEE YOUR PROJECT'S WORKING,
TO SEE HOW MANY'S ON THE JOB
AND JUST HOW MANY'S SHIRKING"



AH- ALL THE
LOW-DOWN
FROM UP HERE.

WHEN HE HAD TRAVELED FAR AND WIDE,
MADE NOTES OF WHAT HE'D SEEN,
HE FELT QUITE GICK WHEN HE GOT THROUGH
(IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN).



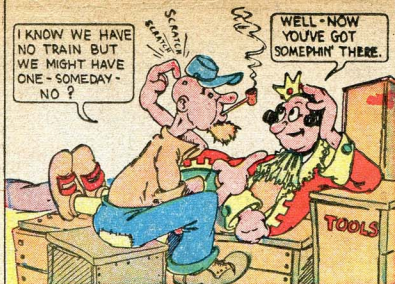
THIS IS THE BIGGEST
PROJECT ON EARTH.
400,000 MILES OF
TRACKS AND A
GIGANTIC BRIDGE.

A RAILROAD BRIDGE WAS BEING BUILT
AWAY UP IN THE AIR,
AND THOUSANDS FOUND EMPLOYMENT
UPON THAT PROJECT THERE.

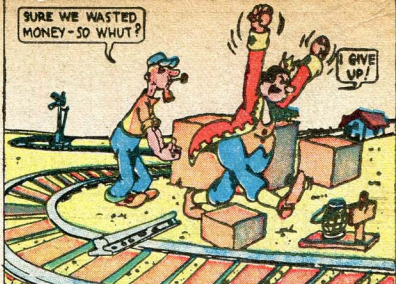


IT'S A SWELL IDEA-
BUT WE AINT EVEN
GOTTA TRAIN!

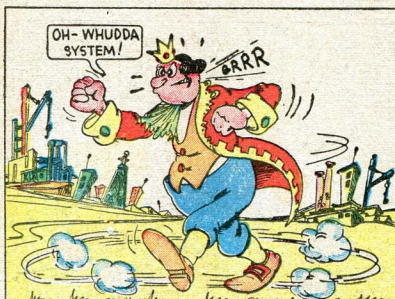
THE KING REMARKED, "IT LOOKS ALL RIGHT,
BUT GIVE ME QUITE A PAIN,
FOR IN MY LAND, I'VE YET TO SEE
A SHORTING RAILROAD TRAIN."



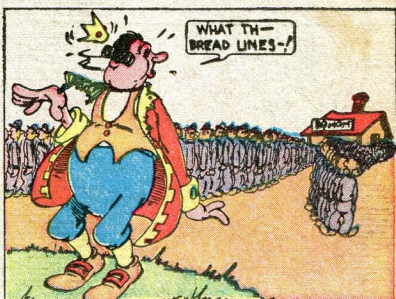
THE FOREMAN OF THE JOB REPLIED,
"WE HAVE NO TRAIN, THAT'S TRUE.
BUT IF BY CHANCE WE EVER HAVE,
THIS BRIDGE IS NICE AND NEW.



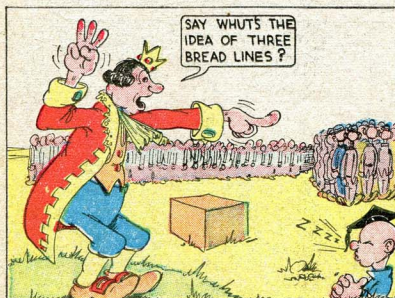
"A BRIDGE THAT GLISTENS IN THE SUN!
IT'S ONE OF IRON AND STEEL.
I KNOW WE'VE WASTED MONEY, BUT,
REMEMBER THE NEW DEAL."



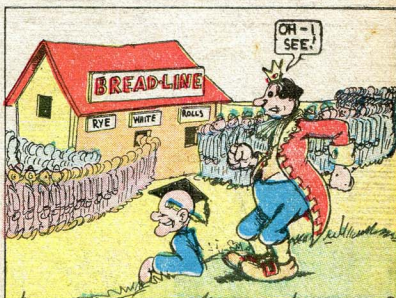
WITH ANGRY WORDS, THE KING WENT ON
TO SEE WHAT HE COULD SEE,
AND SURE ENOUGH, BREAD LINES, HE SAW,
NOT ONE, NOR TWO, BUT THREE!



HE LOUDLY CRIED, "WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?
ARE PEOPLE STILL IN LINE
TO GET A LOAF OF BREAD OR TWO
IN THIS GREAT LAND OF MINE?"

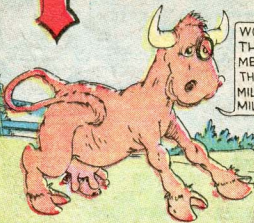


"HOW IS IT NOW WE'RE HAVING THREE?
FOR YEARS WE HAD BUT ONE!"
UP SPOKE A CHIEF AND SAID, "O KING
I'LL TELL YOU WHY IT'S DONE."

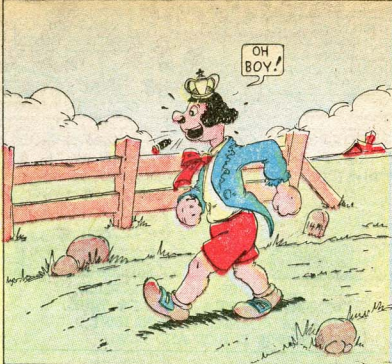


"WE HAVE RIGHT HERE THE RYE BREAD LINE;
THE ROLLS ARE TO THE RIGHT.
THE CENTER ONE IS JUST FOR THOSE
WHO LIKE THE BREAD THAT'S WHITE."

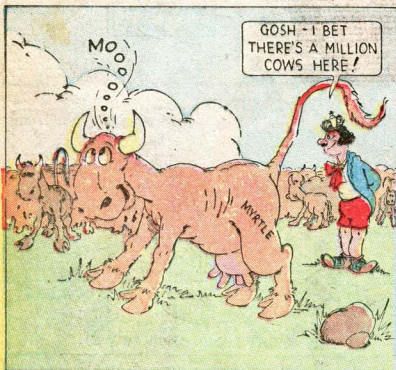
The Prince



WONDER WHY
THEY BOTHER
ME FOR WHEN
THEY CAN GET
MILK FROM
MILK BOTTLES.

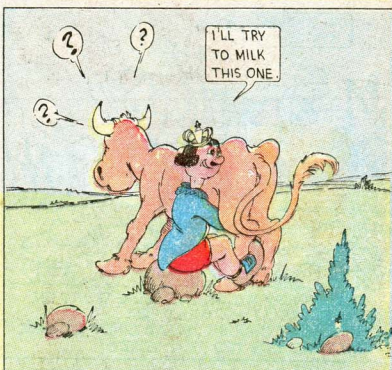


OH
BOY!



MOO

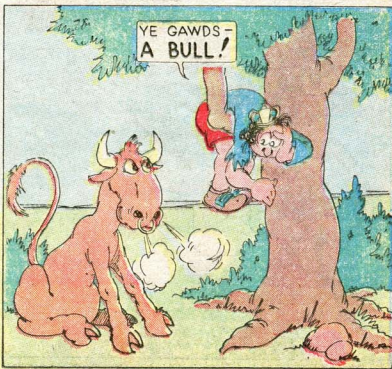
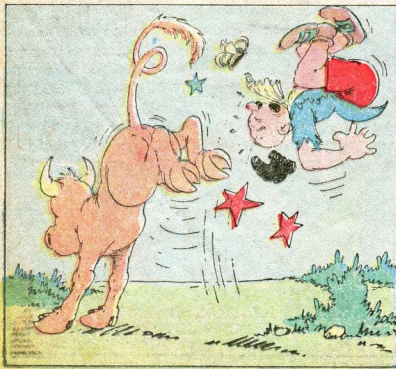
GOSH - I BET
THERE'S A MILLION
COWS HERE!



?

?

I'LL TRY
TO MILK
THIS ONE.



YE GAWDS -
A BULL!

Professor **McScrewy**

PRESENTING HIS EDUCATIONAL CLASS

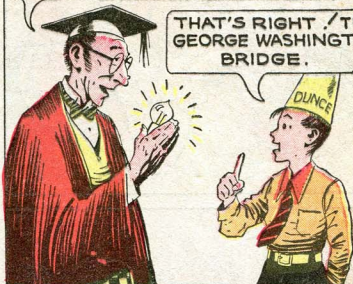
PROFESSOR, WHAT DOES RE-INCARNATION MEAN?

RE-INCARNATION MEANS WHEN A PERSON IS BORN AGAIN AS SOMETHING ELSE-FOR INSTANCE....



GEORGE WASHINGTON CAME BACK AS A BRIDGE.

THAT'S RIGHT / THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE.



HOW ABOUT LINCOLN?

HE CAME BACK AS A HIGHWAY!

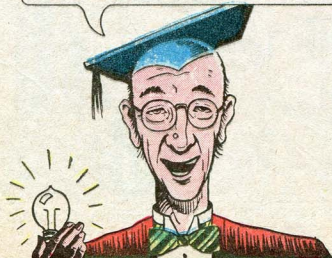


HE CAME BACK AS A HERRING!

...AND BISMARCK?



...COLUMBUS AS A CITY AND ROBERT BURNS AS A CIGAR!

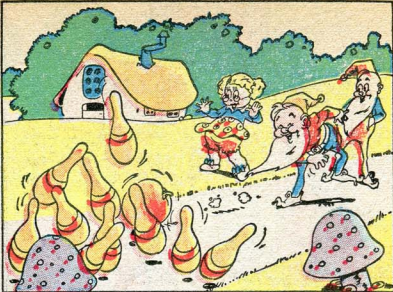


TO THROW MORE LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT, AND I'M EATING RUBBER BANDS TO THINK UP SOME SNAPPY ANSWERS!

WHY DO YOU CARRY THAT ELECTRIC LIGHT BULB?



GOOBYLAND



IN GOOBY LAND, THE LITTLE FOLKS
KEEP SMILING ALL DAY LONG.
AT WORK OR PLAY IT IS THIS WAY,
SO THINGS ARE NEVER WRONG.



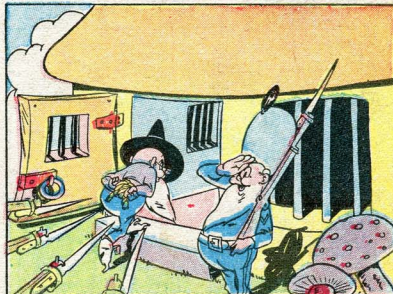
IT SEEMS THAT YEARS AND YEARS AGO
THEY PASSED A LAW SO GRAND,
THAT SAID IF YOU ARE SAD OR BLUE
YOU HAVE TO LEAVE THIS LAND.



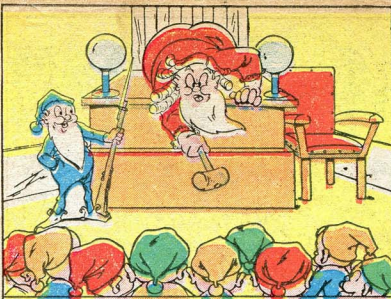
CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW THEY FELT,
WHEN NEWS HAD GOTTEN ROUND
THAT, LIVING THERE AMONG THEM ALL,
A GROUCHO HAD BEEN FOUND?



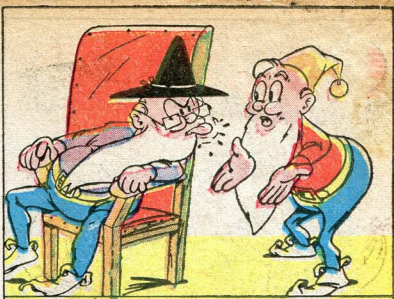
QUICK ACTION WAS DEMANDED FROM
THE MAYOR, MISTER BROWN,
WHO PROMISED HE WOULD GLADLY MAKE
THIS CULPRIT LEAVE THE TOWN.



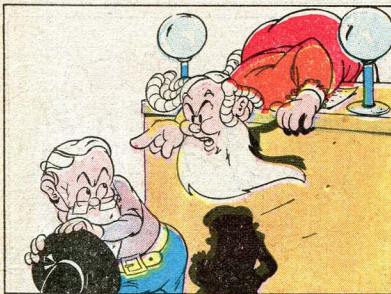
THEY CAPTURED HIM AND BROUGHT HIM TO
THE LITTLE GOOBY JAIL.
SO HORRIBLE WAS THIS OFFENSE
THE JUDGE REFUSED HIM BAIL.



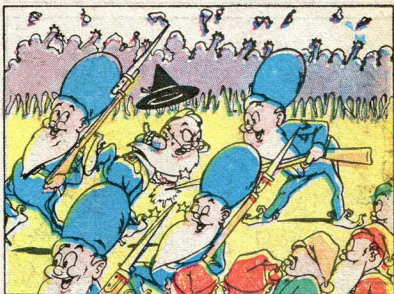
THE TRIAL BEGAN, AND WHAT A TRIAL!
THE CROWDS FLOCKED INTO COURT,
FOR EVERYONE WAS GLAD TO SEE
THIS VILLAIN HAD BEEN CAUGHT



THE PRISONER TOOK THE WITNESS STAND
BUT OFFERED NO DEFENSE
WHAT COULD HE SAY TO CLEAR HIM OF
THIS TERRIBLE OFFENSE?



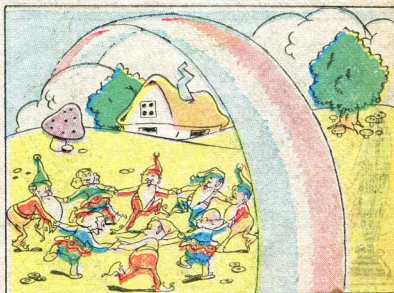
"I'M GUILTY, JUDGE", HE WHISPERED LOW,
WITH SHAME HE HUNG HIS HEAD.
"AWAY FOR LIFE YOU WICKED MAN!"
THAT WAS THE SENTENCE READ.



THEY PACKED HIM OFF WITH BALL AND CHAIN
THE CROWD CHEERED WITH DELIGHT!
IT WAS THE ONLY THING TO DO -
A VERDICT JUST AND RIGHT

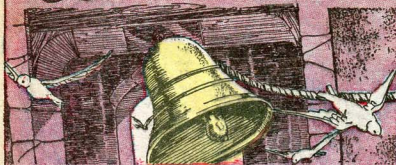


THEY PLACED HIM IN A LITTLE BOAT,
THEN MADE HIM ROW FROM SHORE.
WAY OUT TO SEA WHERE HE WAS LOST
AND HE WAS SEEN NO MORE.

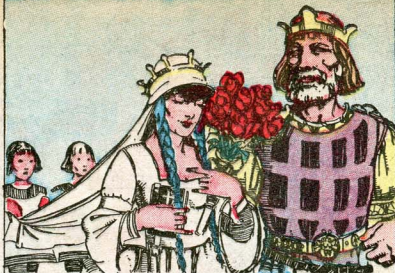


NOW IF BY CHANCE YOU NEVER SMILE
AND SADNESS YOU RELATE,
JUST STAY AWAY FROM GOOBY LAND,
OR THIS WILL BE YOUR FATE

Round Table Adventures



JOYOUS WEDDING BELLS WERE RINGING A WELCOME TO THE BRIDE, THE SWEET AND CHARMING PRINCESS, WITH KING ARTHUR BY HER SIDE.



SO PROUDLY BEAMED THE GALLANT KING, - THE PART HE HAD TO PLAY! 'T WAS HIS DUTY AS A FATHER TO GIVE THE BRIDE AWAY.



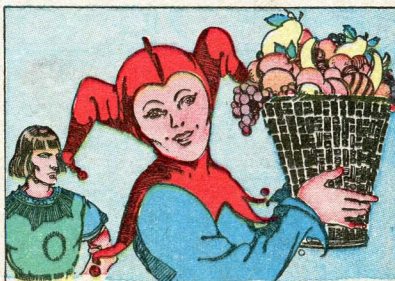
THIS CHARMING, LOVELY PRINCESS, WHOSE BEAUTY DIMMED THE LIGHTS, TO BE SURRENDERED BY THE KING TO THE BRAVEST OF HIS KNIGHTS!



HIS DUTY DONE, THE KING HAD FELT NO PROUDER IN HIS LIFE. HE HEARD THE WORDS THAT JOINED THE TWO AND MADE THEM MAN AND WIFE.



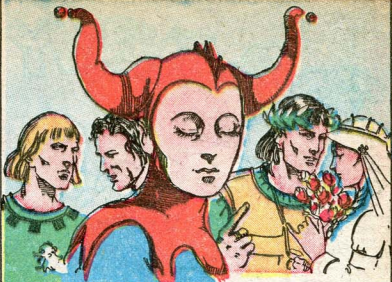
HOW HAPPY WAS KING ARTHUR'S KNIGHT, HIS PRINCESS AT HIS SIDE! HIS COMRADES CHEERED AND SHOOK HIS HAND AND KISSED THE BLUSHING BRIDE!



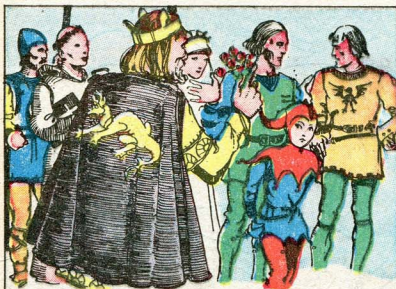
THIS PLEASANT DUTY WAS PERFORMED, AS EACH KNIGHT FOLLOWED SUIT, WHILE LAST IN LINE THE JESTER BOY CAME BEARING GIFTS OF FRUIT.



A WONDROUS BASKET LADEN HIGH,
THE LARGEST EVER SEEN!
HE LAY IT AT THE PRINCESS' FEET,
THEN ROSE AND KISSED THE QUEEN!



THE BRIDE AND GROOM LAUGHED LONG AND LOUD
THE KNIGHTS AND LADIES, TOO!
KING ARTHUR CALLED HIM TO ONE SIDE
AND SAID, "WHAT DID YOU DO?"



"THE BRIDE IS STANDING OVER THERE,
TALKING TO HER BROTHER..
YOU PASSED HER BY AND PRESSED YOUR LIPS
AGAINST THOSE OF HER MOTHER!"



THE LITTLE JESTER BOY THEN SMILED,
A TWINKLE IN HIS EYE.
HE KNEW 'T WAS UP TO HIM TO MAKE
A GALLANT, SWEET REPLY.

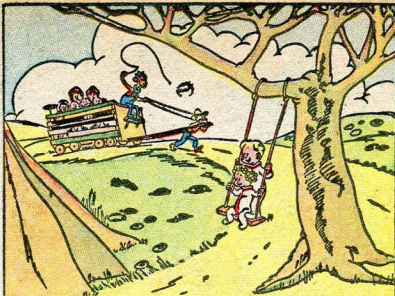


"FORGIVE ME, CHARMING LADY, PLEASE."
HE BOWED QUITE LOW WITH PRIDE.
"YOU LOOKED SO SWEET AND LOVELY THERE
I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE BRIDE."

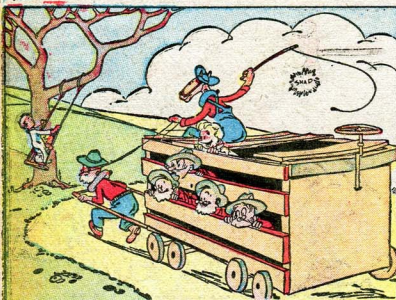


THE LADIES SMILED, THE MOTHER BLUSHED,
HIS ANSWER CUTE AND SHORT!
NOW DO YOU WONDER WHY IT IS
HE'S FAVORITE AT THIS COURT?

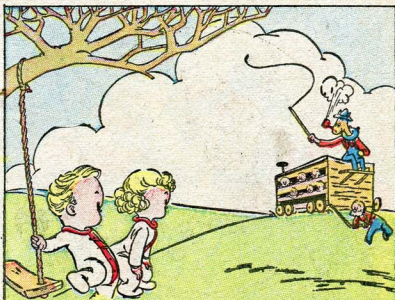
TOPSY TURVY



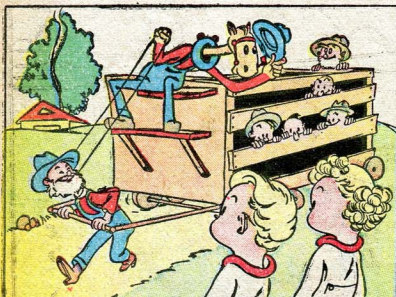
NOW WHAT DO YOU THINK THE LITTLE TOTS SAW,
WHEN THEY LOOKED AROUND ON THE ROAD?
'T WAS THE FUNNIEST SORT OF A WAGON,
WITH THE STRANGEST KIND OF A LOAD...



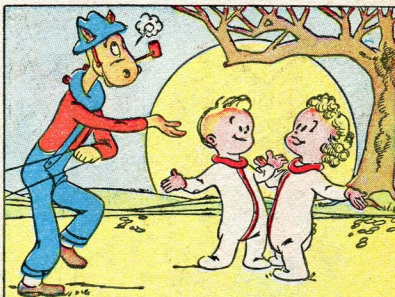
AND DRIVEN ALONG BY A CHESTNUT HORSE,
WHO WAS DRIVING ALONG WITH CARE,
WHILE IN THE WAGON AND PLAIN TO BE SEEN
A LOAD OF BIG FARMERS WERE THERE.



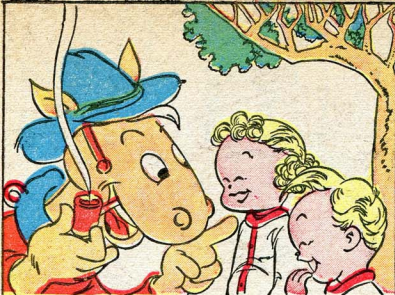
AND THE WAGON WAS PULLED BY ANOTHER,
WHO TIGHTLY WAS HITCHED TO THE SHAF. THE
SIGHT OF A HORSE WHO PUFFED ON A PIPE
WAS THE REASON BOTH OF THEM LAUGHED.



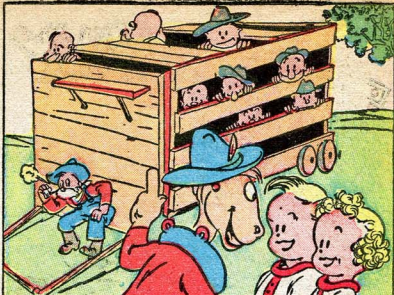
THEN HE HALTED THE CART RIGHT BESIDE THEM
AND TIPPED HIS STRAW HAT SO POLITE,
AND SAID, VERY WELL I AM FEELING TO-DAY,
AND HOW ARE YOU FEELING TONIGHT?"



SKYWARD HE GAZED AS HE HELD OUT HIS HAND,
AND SAID IN A VOICE SWEET AND LOW,
IT'S QUITE A NICE DAY, SO CLEAR AND SO FINE,
STILL I THINK IT'S GOING TO SNOW."



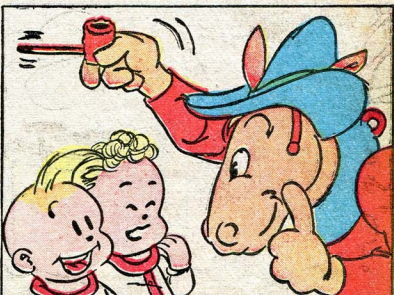
"I AM TAKING MY WAGON TO MARKET;
I MANAGE TO GET THERE EACH WEEK.
TOPSY AND TURVY JUST BELLOWED WITH GLEE
AT MEETING A HORSE THAT COULD SPEAK."



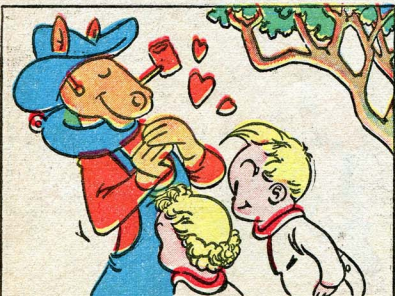
"ALL OF MY FARMERS I'M TAKING TO TOWN,
EACH ONE OF THEM FAT AND QUITE ROUND.
I RAISE 'EM MYSELF WAY OFF ON MY FARM;
I'M SELLING THEM OFF BY THE POUND."



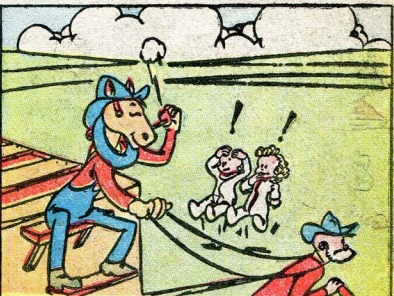
"I OWN A BIG PLACE A MILE OR SO BACK;
I'VE HUNDREDS OF HEADS UP THERE NOW.
ON THE DAYS THAT I COME INTO MARKET
THEY'RE WATCHED BY MY NEIGHBOR, A COW."



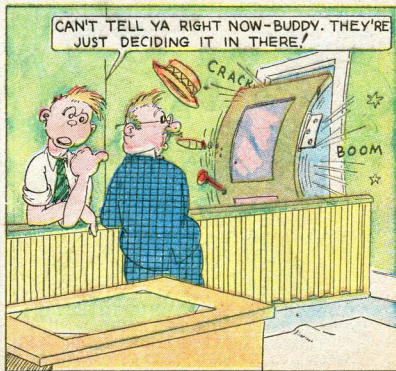
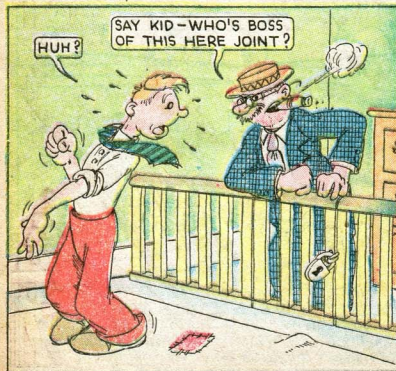
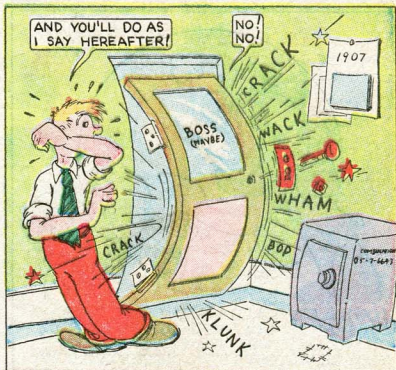
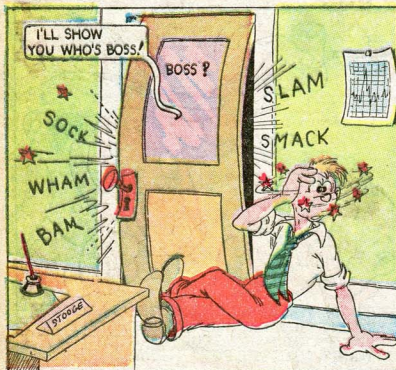
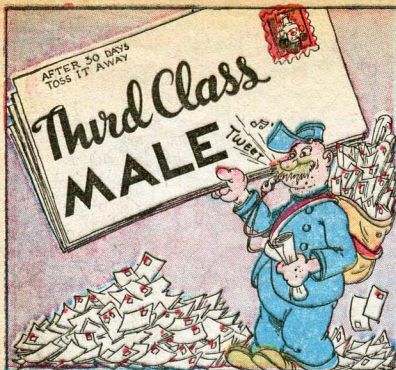
"SHE DOES THE RIGHT THING WHEN I AM AWAY—
SHE SEES THAT THEY'RE WATERED AND FED.
SHE KEEPS THEM IN PASTURE ALL THE DAY LONG;
AT NIGHT TIME SHE PUTS THEM TO BED."



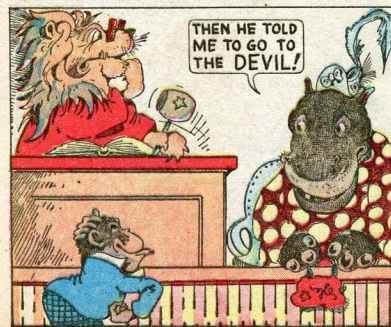
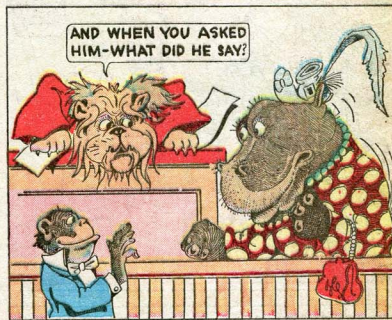
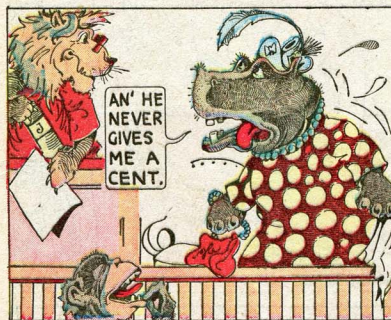
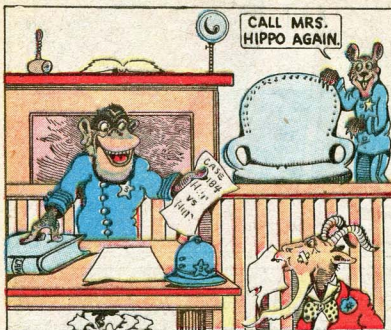
"NOW SUPPOSE THAT YOU COME UP TO SEE ME;
I'LL SHOW YOU ALL OVER THE FARM.
THERE ARE FLOWERS AND TREES AND PICKLES AND BEES
AND YOU'LL FALL IN LOVE WITH IT'S CHARM."



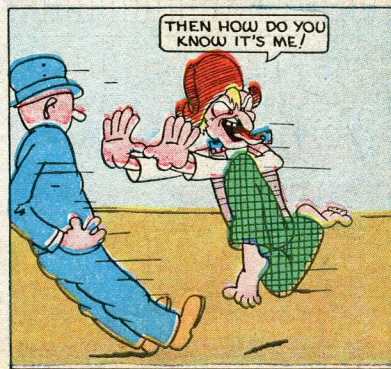
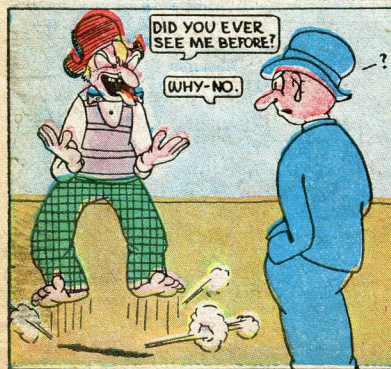
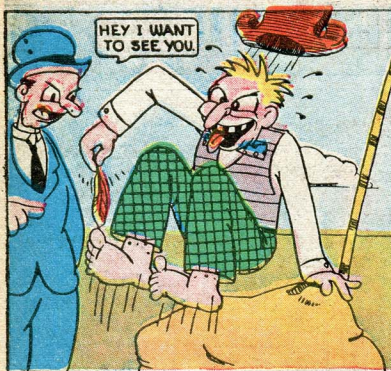
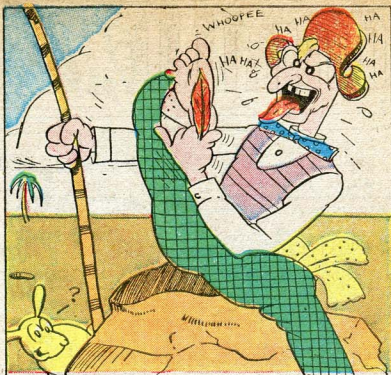
"I'LL PUT YOU UP IN A REAL SNUGGY PLACE,
A COTTAGE, RIGHT DOWN BY A CREEK.
I'LL FEED YOU WELL, THE BOARD IS NOT HIGH—
IT'S EIGHT MILLION DOLLARS A WEEK!"



COURT OF Inhuman RELATIONS



NUTTY FACT



SALUTE *To a Policeman*

NO KNIGHT OF OLD, OR WARRIOR BOLD,
WAS BRAVER THAN THIS MAN, —
WHO SAFEGUARDS LIFE AND PROPERTY
AS ONLY "BLUE COATS" CAN.



HE HELPS THE KIDDIES CROSS THE STREET,
THEY THINK HE IS JUST GRAND.
TO BLIND FOLKS WHO CAN'T GUIDE THEIR FEET
HE LENDS A HELPING HAND.



HE CHASES GUNMEN, THIEVES, -AND SAY!
ALL THIS WITHOUT A FUSS.
HIS LIFE'S IN DANGER EVERY DAY
WHILE HE'S PROTECTING US !



WORDS THAT RING THRU THE MISTS OF TIME

H.C. and AD. KIEFER



NATHAN HALE

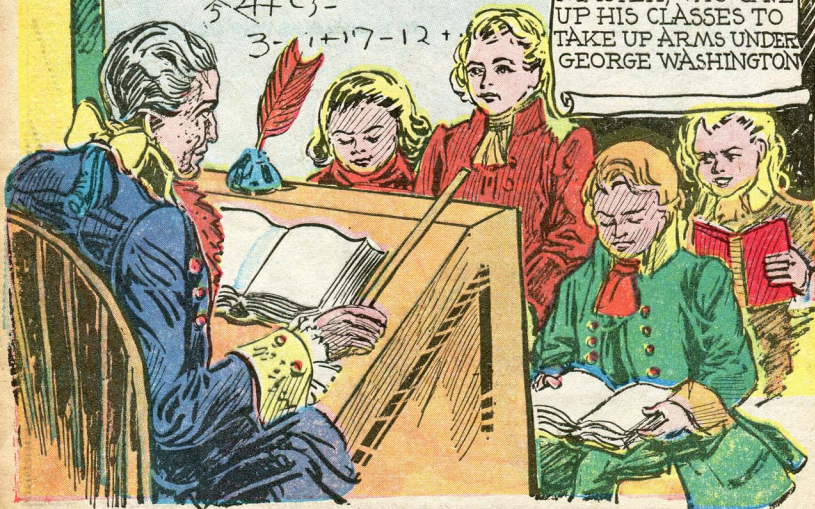
1755 — 1776

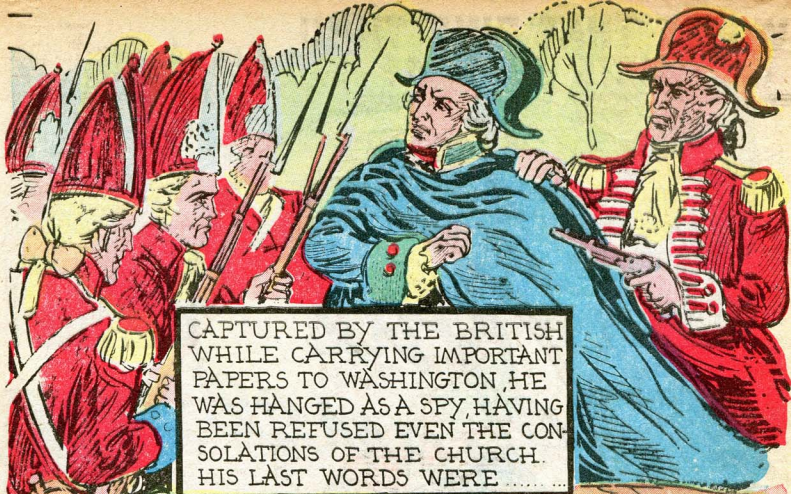
NATIVE OF
CONNECTICUT. HE
WAS A YOUNG NEW
ENGLAND SCHOOL
MASTER WHO GAVE
UP HIS CLASSES TO
TAKE UP ARMS UNDER
GEORGE WASHINGTON

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN O P Q R

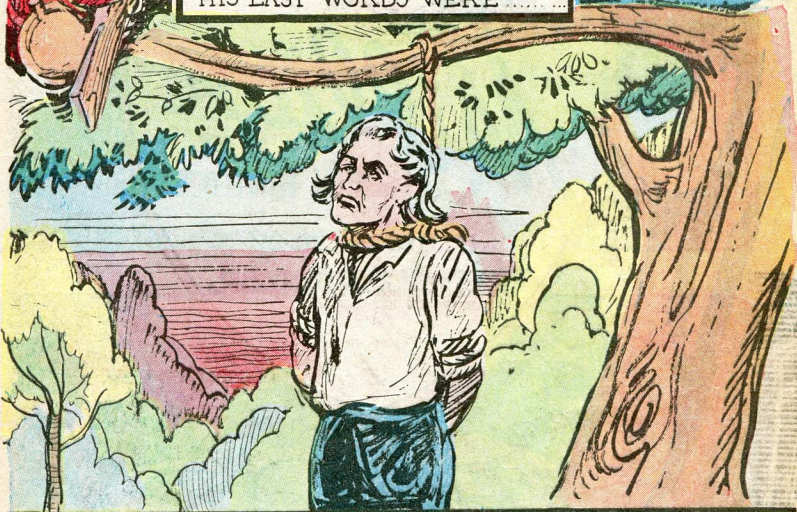
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CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH WHILE CARRYING IMPORTANT PAPERS TO WASHINGTON, HE WAS HANGED AS A SPY, HAVING BEEN REFUSED EVEN THE CONSOLATIONS OF THE CHURCH. HIS LAST WORDS WERE



"MY ONLY REGRET IS THAT I HAVE BUT ONE LIFE TO GIVE FOR MY COUNTRY."

One Chance IN A Million BY KEN FITCH

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRED GUARDINEER

Dan Hastings stepped out of the doorway of his planetary base station and into the darkness. The short night of the area in which he lived had set in and the weather was warm. Dan's shirt was open at the collar and his sleeves were rolled up.

He passed the small pergola over the lake and entered the little grove of tibi palms, making his way out toward the hangar for a final inspection of his three space ships, before turning in for some sleep. He moved carelessly and surely even in the darkness, for he knew every inch of the ground. He reached the edge of the grove near the landing plateau and stopped; his hand whipped to the ray gun in the holster at his hip.

Scarcely had he noticed the faint rustling of tibi leaves behind him when the attack came, swift and vicious. Dan struggled and wrenched his body helplessly against many arms that gripped his muscles like a steel vice. He smashed out against hard flesh and caught a rough chin with his knuckles. There was a cracking as if a bone had been shattered and a grunt in the darkness. Then something hard and metallic cracked down on Dan's skull and he sank to the ground.

"It won't do you any good to struggle," the man growled from deep in his chest. There was gray coldness in his eyes that said "no fooling." But Dan had no desire at the moment to do more than lie still. It was too painful.

"I don't get it," he answered with an effort. "What's next?"

"You'll find out," the other said coolly. "I'm going to untie you now, but if you try anything you'll get yours. See?"

Dan didn't answer and the man began cutting the ropes. As they loosened, Dan's arms stung from the freer flow of blood through his body. He rose slowly to a sitting position on the edge of the bunk raised his hand to his aching head and tried to collect his thoughts.

"Come on," the other said. "This ain't a convalescent home. We're untying you because you're going to be useful."

"And what after that?" Dan asked.

"You'll see right away if you don't snap into it. We can run this boat without you; it's not that."

Dan rose to his feet. His head spun about and he reached shakily for the wall. The other gave him a

There were hasty words spoken in English and Dan was lifted bodily and carried off. His senses dimmed after that and left him with a feeling that he was floating through the air.

When he came to, his head ached and his whole body seemed to throb. His heart was pounding fast and each beat sent flesh cutting itself against the tough ropes that bound him. Yet all the pounding and throbbing didn't seem to come from his blood pressure; there was the rhythmic humming of dynamos and the timed explosions of rocket charges. He could tell from the fast, smooth succession of thumps of the dynamos that he was in one of his own ships; they had been made especially for him and he knew he couldn't be wrong. He lay there trying to think, wondering what he should do.

A man entered the cabin out of the control room and Dan with an evident effort, turned his body toward the entrance. The man was an American with thin, cruel lips set in a straight line. He was tall and raw-boned, with powerful arms and broad shoulders, and he came straight to the bunk where Dan was lying.

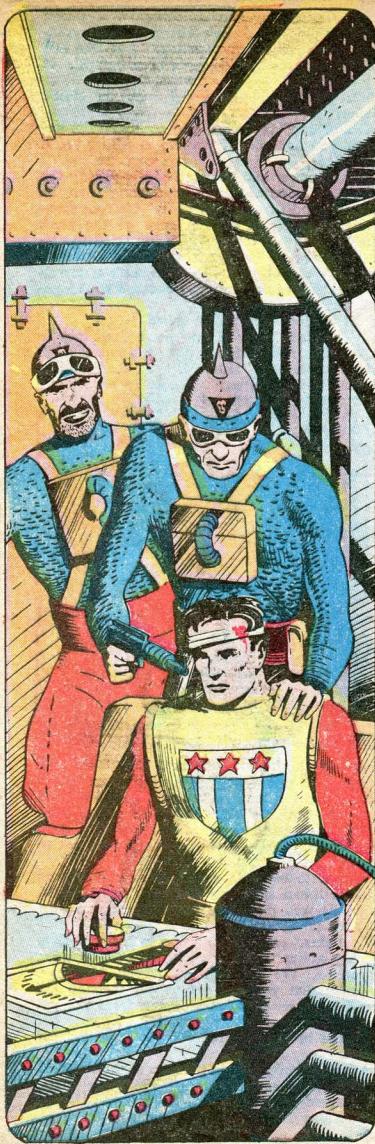
shove that sent him reeling toward the door. He lunged against it and went spilling into the control room. Rising to his feet, he found that there were two other men beside the one who had untied him. They were tough looking and also apparently from the planet Earth. It was plain that they were not to be trifled with.

The automatic controls were set as expertly as if Dan himself had set them and each man leveled a ray gun. It was then Dan realized that his own gun had been taken away.

"Now get this," said the man who had untied Dan. "You're only going to live as long as you do what we tell you to. We know all about you, Hastings, and we know that you can get us out through the commercial lines without interference from the police."

Dan glared into the murderous faces, waited for the verdict.

"Snap it up, Choppy," said the man at the controls, his voice nervous as he scanned the visor plate. "There's a squad of police off to the left and they're heading this way." Choppy took a step in Dan's direction.



"Ah right, here it is, Hastings," he said vindictively. "This is where you come in. We know that if you flash an okay to the patrol squadrons out in these off-trail areas, they'll let you by without investigation; that your face has to show up in their visor plates. So get your code numbers out to these birds and put your pan over the visor plate. And remember; if they begin to attack us, it's light out for you!"

Dan went to the beam transmitter and began to tap out letters in code. Even as he sent the okay he felt the deadly muzzle of a ray gun at his neck. Then he went to the visor plate and flashed out his likeness over the pictograph. Immediately the police veered off, letting the ship go on without question.

A grim smile spread over Choppy's face. He turned to the one who had held the gun at Dan's neck.

"Looks like he's going to be a good boy, Mike," he observed. "Change our direction toward the outer spaces."

Mike fingered the controls and the pointer on the visor chart swung sharply away from the traveled lanes, out into the heavens where none but a practised aviator of space ships could navigate and then only by following the carefully erected charts of the universe.

Dan knew that they were going away from the sun and away from all contact with the outside worlds. Soon it would grow cold and barren, with only a few passing lone planetoids. Actually it would be a wilderness of the skies. And after that Dan felt sure he would be disposed of without fuss or trouble.

"You guys realize, I suppose, that the inter-stellar police will get you sooner or later," Dan prompted.

Choppy laughed tersely. "We'll worry about that, Hastings," he said. "Your job is to do what we tell you to." Choppy waited for a moment before he continued, evidently trying to find words to give Dan a graphic picture of a plan. "You see, Hastings, we went to a lot of trouble to do this job right. First we paralyze the International Earth Bank, by working through one of the guards on the inside. Then we throw their signal system out of commission. We take unmarked currency only and hop a commercial transport to Mercury. Then we steal a ship from the Field Base and take a short trip to your planet. Easy, wasn't it, Hastings?"

Dan shrugged his shoulders. "Sounds like you've signed your own death warrant," he answered.

"Oh, no," Choppy scoffed, "not me."

They traveled on in silence for some time. The man at the controls busied himself with the visor chart and the instrument panel. Choppy and Mike held their ray guns leveled at Dan, who stood in the center of the control room floor.

Dan did not know how long he had been knocked out, but he did know that the ship was speeding outward into space and that the coldness of the thinner atmosphere had begun to penetrate the interior of the space ship. There in his shirt sleeves he shivered and his arms puckered up with goose flesh.

Finally the man at the controls turned to Choppy. "What about here?" he asked.

"No, not yet," Choppy answered. He turned to Hastings, continued as he smiled wryly, "You see, Hastings, it won't be very easy for the police to trace us, because it was a closed job and the only one who knew us was the bank guard. When we finished with him we murdered him and his body . . ." The

gray hard eyes glittered at Dan. "They might find the stolen ship at your planet base. They might even get a description of us, but this universe is a broad field to search. You see, you've given us a clear ticket out here and when they find you . . . if they ever do . . . it'll be too late for you to tell them anything. Your ship won't be there, for it's a powerful ship, Hastings and we'll need it to take us where we want to go." He turned his attention toward the man at the controls and said, "Okay now, Gyp."

The ship slowed down and began to lose altitude. In the visor plate the rough barren surface of a small planetoid showed itself. Dan guessed their purpose and his face whitened. They were going to leave him on this uncharted planet and let hunger and cold do the rest. The idea held some hope, though, and he drew his lips tightly closed. Somehow, he thought, he must wrest the ship from these men when they landed!

Then Choppy addressed the man he had called Gyp. "That's low enough," he said. Dan pondered over the instructions.

"What do you figure on doing?" he asked.

Choppy lit a cigaret and inhaled deeply before he spoke. "We're going to give you a break, Hastings," he said finally.

"Very thoughtful," Dan replied with nasty sarcasm.

"You got one chance in a million," Choppy snarled, "and it keeps our hands clean."

"Oh, I'm sure you wouldn't want blood on your hands," Dan said.

"If anyone finds you it'll look like suicide or as if you had to bail out."

Dan whistled softly and Choppy laughed. Mike went to a small closet in the back of the control room and took out a parachute pack. It was one Dan had prepared himself, with an emergency 'chute folded in. But a dozen parachutes out there could do no more than to prolong the agony of freezing to death!

"Get it?" Choppy asked.

"In that temperature I won't need a parachute."

Choppy sneered. "I said one chance in a million." He raised the ray gun. "But if you don't want the chance . . ."

The hard gray eyes were intent in their deadly purpose. Mike looked on with a snarl on his lips and the man at the controls cut down the speed again. Dan lifted the pack from the floor, slipped his arms under the straps.

"Let's go," he said.

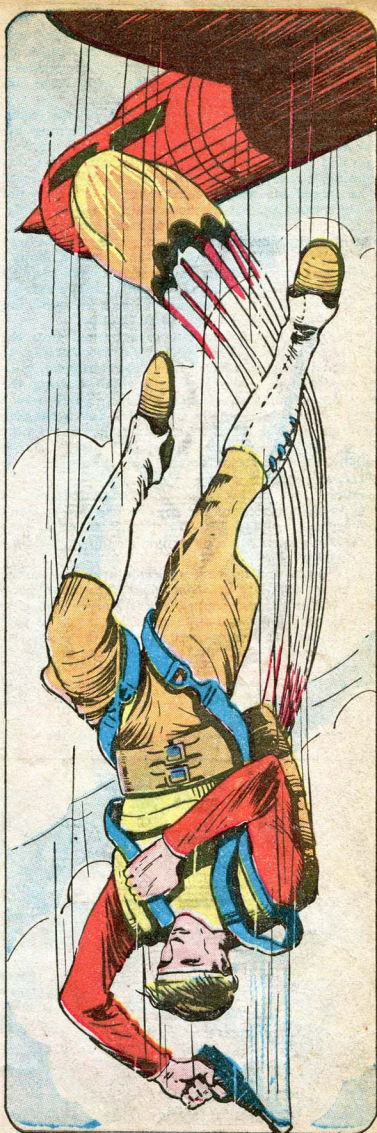
Choppy went to the door at the side of the control room and forced it open slowly against the wind pressure caused by the ship's motion. Mike stood by, his ray gun aimed at Dan.

"Get going, Hastings," Choppy said in brusque staccato.

Dan stepped to the doorway beside Choppy and felt the cold rush of wind sweeping into the cabin. He looked down over the sides of the ship. Below him the planetoid looked black, just faintly lit by a dawn-like gray reflection from the sun. They were not more than a thousand feet above the surface of the planet.

"What's keeping you?" Choppy muttered. "You want a little help?"

Dan could hear the steady crackle of the rocket



explosions coming from the exhaust down underneath the rear of the ship's cabin. There was a sort of crack and whistle that sang out of the aluminum-steel pipe, braced underneath the entire length of the ship's body. The whistle came from the lessened speed of the ship, the exhaust pipe being large and made of heavier charges.

He balanced himself at the edge of the cabin doorway, getting ready for the leap. Turning his back outward, he placed his left hand against the door jamb and braced his toes against the sill. Mike was grinning, already sensing triumph. Choppy grunted as he forced his weight against the door. Dan put his right hand against the door and pushed suddenly.

The movement caught Choppy off guard and he came stumbling hard against Dan, getting in the way of Mike's aim. Dan raised his knee into Choppy's middle and wrenched the ray gun from the bandit's hand. Straightening his leg, he sent Choppy sprawling backward on the floor, met Mike's fire with fire from the gun he had taken from Choppy.

The guns blazed and hot rays burned into the jamb close to Dan's hand. Choppy rose, cursing, to his feet and rushed toward him. Dan dropped, pulling the cord of his parachute without waiting the usual ten seconds to clear the ship. There was a swish as the white silk left its folds and a banging above his head as the door slammed shut above him. Dan closed his eyes and dropped swiftly. For a second cold air rushed upward past him. Then he jerked abruptly to a stop in mid-air!

Above him rocket explosions roared from the exhaust as the speed of the ship increased and Dan's body swung upward like the pendulum of a huge clock. The small pilot's chute had caught in the closing door!

But there was no time to exalt over the partial success of a hastily made scheme. The main parachute ballooned and flapped uncertainly. The ship zoomed steeply upward as those inside began to gain altitude and Dan's body swung toward the stern. He reached outward with his toe, caught the bracing of the exhaust pipe. The cold was terrific and the thinness of the air made his head spin, and his lungs seem about to burst. His hands were numb and seemed to have scarcely any feeling in them.

Yet, as he worked his leg over the pipe, the awful

heat of the exhaust burned painfully. He dared not let go, but hitched along until he could grasp the bracing in his hand. Below him the surface of the planet was growing fainter as the ship lurched upward.

Holding tightly to the bracing, he drew the ray gun and aimed it at the ropes that held the pilot's chute to the main one. Rays spat from the gun and the ropes burned loose. He caught the main cloth in the hand that held the gun and worked desperately to keep the parachute from opening, drew it in gradually and packed it beneath him as a protection from the pipe's heat.

Slowly, he made his way toward the tail of the ship and finally reached the end of the exhaust line. Sparks flew out of the pipe and heavy fumes curled up around his head. Burning away the ropes of the parachute, he wadded some of the cloth heavily about his head.

He forced his hand into the exhaust opening, then drew it out leaving the cloth inside the pipe. His fingers were blue with the cold and yet blistered from the heat. The only relief he could get was to cry out aloud and luckily noise of the explosions made it possible to shout at the top of his voice. Grinding his teeth together, he forced more of the silk into the pipe and kept on until suddenly there was a sort of vibration like backfiring. Dan kept on poking the parachute into the pipe. There was more backfiring and then the motors missed. Dan could feel the heavy thumping through the walls of the ship.

All at once he looked up from his task and saw a man's head hanging downward from the doorway, staring at him across the bottom of the craft. The man was the bandit Mike and he aimed a ray gun at Dan. Nowhere could Dan hide. He was directly in range of certain death. Taking hasty aim, he fired Choppy's gun. Almost to a second Mike's gun flared concurrently, but the rays went wide of their mark. Mike did not fire again and then Dan saw his body drop downward. Choppy had not even bothered to lift him in.

Again there was a heavy backfire and the dynamos stopped their pounding. The craft kept on for a few seconds, then gradually arched downward until her nose was sweeping fast toward the surface of the planet.



"This time I'd better bail," Dan said.

He let go and dropped and counted ten before pulling the cord to open the emergency parachute. Then there was blackness again, the swishing out of the pilot, followed by the short halt in his downward plunge. After that Dan floated at the end of the ropes, not too lightly, for the air was thin. He saw the ship zoom downward toward the ground, heard shortly later a faint echo of the splintering crash. His legs pained fiercely as the sub-zero temperature whipped him. His whole body was numb and he scarcely realized that his nose was bleeding.

He landed rather heavily and for some moments lay shivering under the parachute that had fallen on top of him. Then he rose slowly to his feet. With the ray gun, he burned out part of the 'chute and wrapped it about him and stumbled on toward the wreck.

The ship, a mangled mountain of metal, lay an eighth of a mile away, on the ice-covered surface of a small lake. Dan climbed over the wreckage, found the cabin door. It was out of shape and badly jammed, but finally, burning away interfering metal with his ray gun, he got it open and climbed inside.

He turned his head away sickly at the sight before him. The interior was twisted almost beyond any possibility of recognition and the control room wall was shoved back into the cabin over a dozen feet. There still at the controls was the mangled form of a man. Dan climbed over the debris to reach him. It was Gyp. He had died before the crash, there was a large hole burned into the back of his skull. Choppy had finished him, thinking that Gyp was responsible for the backfiring. It was a sorry sight and back against the wall of the control room near the door, a section of one of the dynamos bashed against him, was the body of a man, Choppy without a doubt, although he was disfigured beyond recognition.

Dan felt a nausea sweeping over him and he turned away, went back into the cabin and began to work over the radio apparatus. He worked feverishly, knowing that his life depended on his rebuilding of the intricate system of coils and wires that formerly were the beam transmitter and receiver. Fortunately there had been an emergency old-style electrical short-wave set installed in the ship and Dan after many agonizing hours finally, with parts both of the old and new instruments, was able to produce a faint series of rays.

At last he had constructed a beam radio! Holding his breath, he tapped out a message, each tap a torture to his frozen fingers. He sent: "Dan Hastings, U. S. A., wrecked ship and two dead American crooks, located third degree Capricorn, .0035682 on beam chart. Hurry up. Have some food but will freeze to death in twenty-four earth hours!"

He waited after that, for there was nothing to do but wait and each second was an eternity. Had the message been received? Would he ever be rescued? What would he do for food if no one came? He looked out through the shattered, glassless window frame on the barren surface of the planet. There was no animal life in evidence. What food supplies he had would soon be gone. At least, he thought, he would freeze to death long before he starved. That really wouldn't be so bad, because after the first suffering you got sort of numb to everything. . . .

"Wait! I'm getting an answer!" Dan shouted the words, although none could hear him.

He forgot about his burned legs and frozen hands. He ran to the instrument, nearly upsetting it and thrilled to hear his call numbers tapping out over the receiver. He bent his head down and listened. He heard: "Good Work, Hastings . . . Aid coming . . . Hang on for a few hours . . . Police in your general vicinity will pick you up."





LORD WITHERING RADIOS THE ALLIED COMMISSION AT THE HAGUE OF THE MEXADIAN ATTACK.

YOU WILL RADIO THIS MESSAGE IN CODE IMMEDIATELY.

YES, LORD WITHERING.

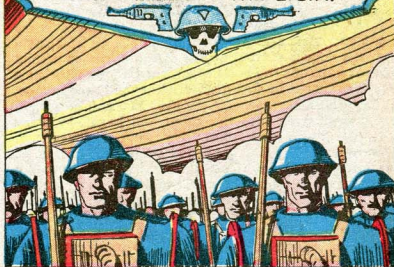


THE HAGUE COMMISSION PLANS IMMEDIATE AID.

WORD FROM THE CANADIAN OFFICE ADVISES THAT WE MUST ACT AT ONCE AGAINST THE NATIVES OF THE NEW PLANET. THEY HAVE ATTACKED.



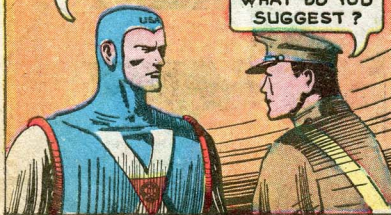
THE ALLIED COMMISSION ORDERS AN ENORMOUS CONCENTRATION OF TROOPS AND SPACE SHIPS TO REINFORCE THE WORLD ARMIES IN THE U.S.A.



DAN REPORTS TO THE CANADIAN FIELD OFFICE.

I HAVE COME DIRECTLY FROM LORD WITHERING, MAJOR STANLEY.

YES, WITHERING ADVISED ME YOU WERE COMING. WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?

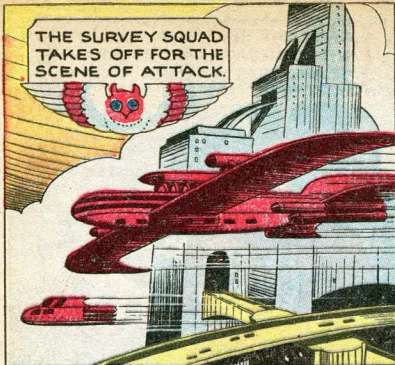


THE ATTACK HAS BEEN DISASTROUS TO OUR MEN, I FEAR. I THINK WE FIRST SHOULD MAKE A SURVEY OF THE SECTION. IT WILL BE DANGEROUS, BUT WE MUST DO IT.

VERY WELL, HASTINGS. I WILL DETAIL A SQUADRON UNDER YOUR COMMAND.



THE SURVEY SQUAD
TAKES OFF FOR THE
SCENE OF ATTACK.

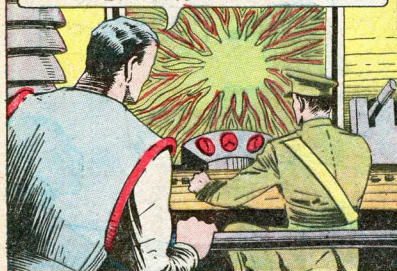


AT THIS ALTITUDE
WE WON'T BE SEEN.
NOW PHOTOGRAPH
THE SECTION IN
THE VISOR PLATE.

IT APPEARS THAT WE
SHOULD ATTACK FROM
THE REAR AND WASTE
NO TIME IN DOING
SO.



SEND WORD TO OUR OTHER SHIPS TO
RETURN. WE'LL PROBABLY ARRIVE
BACK AT THE FIELD BEFORE THE
REENFORCEMENTS COME.



IN THE MEANTIME HANZ RASKOW
IMPARTS A MESSAGE TO HIS
SUPERIOR.

THIS NEW PLANET THAT HAS STOPPED
OUR WAR AND WROUGHT FEAR IN
THE HEARTS OF OUR MEN, CARRIES
A NEW ENEMY TO THE PEOPLES OF
THE EARTH.



THEN SEE THE NEW
ENEMY, RASKOW. PERHAPS
...WELL, PERHAPS....



PERHAPS TO LEARN
THESE THINGS YOU
KNOW, RASKOW, THIS
NEW ENEMY WILL
BARGAIN...

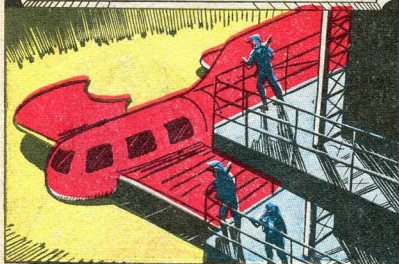
...AND THEN, HIGH-
NESS, RASKOW WILL
BARGAIN, TOO.



TO THE UNITED
STATES DIRECTLY.



IN THE DARK OF NIGHT HANZ RASKOW'S SHIP REACHES THE ARENA WHERE EUTOPAS' MEN STAND GUARD OVER THE VAN-QUISHED EARTH ARMIES.



I AM NOT AN ENEMY. I HAVE COME WITH A MESSAGE THAT WILL INTEREST YOUR LEADER.

HE MAKES SOUNDS THAT MEAN NOTHING. TAKE HIM TO EUTOPAS.



WHAT DOES THIS QUEER LOOKING PERSON SAY, URSULIS.



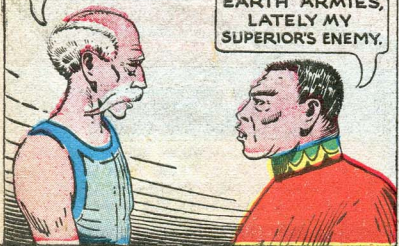
FROM WHAT I CAN GLEAN OF HIS LANGUAGE, HE HAS INFORMATION VALUABLE TO YOU.

IF HE IS PLAYING WITH ME FOR FAVORS, IT WILL COST HIM HIS LIFE.



I WILL ASK HIM HIS TERMS.

OUR LEADER WOULD KNOW THE TERMS UPON WHICH YOU WISH TO IMPART SUCH INFORMATION.



IT IS IMMUNITY FROM ATTACK FOR MY SUPERIOR AND AID IN HIS CON-QUERING OF THE EARTH ARMIES, LATELY MY SUPERIOR'S ENEMY.

ONE LEADER IS ENOUGH.... DO AWAY WITH HIM!



BUT YOUR LEADER WILL REGRET...

WAIT, URSULIS / IT MAY BE IMPORTANT AND WE CAN EASILY DO AWAY WITH THIS MAN AFTER WE LEARN HIS SECRET.

I WILL TELL HIM YOU ACCEPT HIS OFFER THEN.



TELL INFORMATION
....EUTOPAS WILL
ACCEPT TERMS.

IT IS WELL, ALL EARTH
ARMIES NOW ARE
ABOUT TO MAKE A
GREAT OFFENSIVE..
YOU MAY EXPECT
THEM ANY MOMENT.

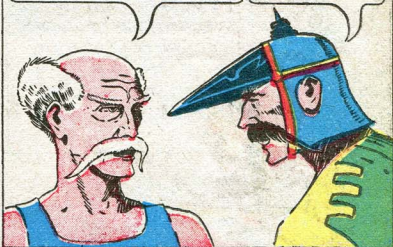


...IF HE IS LYING...YET, ASK HIM IF
THE OFFENSIVE IS ENGINEERED BY
THE YOUNG FOOL WHO TOOK OFF
THE OLD MAN AND HIS DAUGHTER..



I HAVE ASKED HIM AND
IT IS THE SAME. AT
PRESENT THEY HAVE
FLED TO A PLACE KNOWN
AS CANADA.

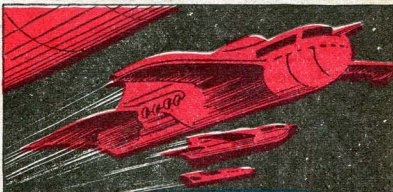
AH...THEN
THIS MAN MAY
BE USEFUL..
LISTEN,
URSULIS...



YOU...FIND HIDING PLACE OF DAUGHTER
...KILL OLD MAN AND SON ...BRING
DAUGHTER HERE... YOU WILL BE
WELL REPAID.

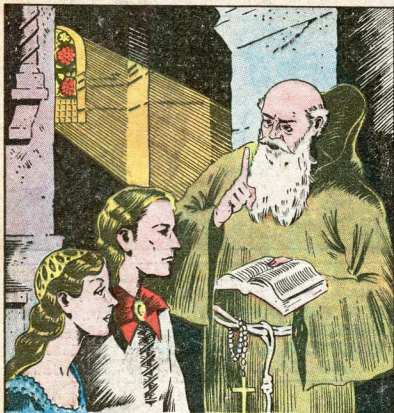


HANZ RASKOW IS NOW AT
YOUR SERVICE. BE PRE-
PARED TO EXPECT RESULTS.

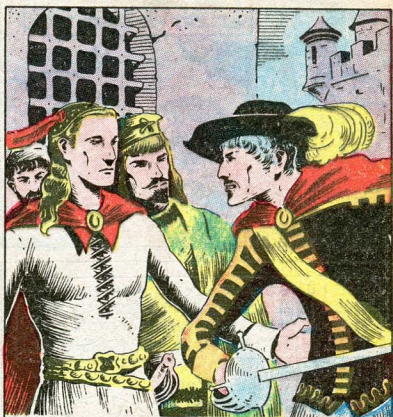


THE ALLIED SQUADRON STARTS OUT
FOR AMERICA, LITTLE KNOWING
EUTOPAS ALREADY HAS LEARNED
ITS PLANS AND WILL BE WAITING.

SOURCES OF FAMOUS QUOTATIONS



ROMEO, HAVING SECRETLY MARRIED JULIET, DAUGHTER OF HIS FAMILY'S GREATEST ENEMY, LEAVES HER TO JOIN HIS FRIENDS, MERCUTIO AND BENVOLIO -----



-----THEY ENCOUNTER TYBALT, JULIET'S COUSIN WHO CHALLENGES ROMEO TO FIGHT. ROMEO UNWILLING TO CROSS SWORDS WITH HIS NEWLY MADE KINSMAN REFUSES. —



MERCUTIO, FURIOUS AT WHAT HE CONSIDERS ROMEO'S COWARDICE, TAKES THE CHALLENGE HIMSELF. ROMEO, TRYING TO STOP THE DUEL, GETS IN MERCUTIO'S WAY AND MERCUTIO IS STABBED

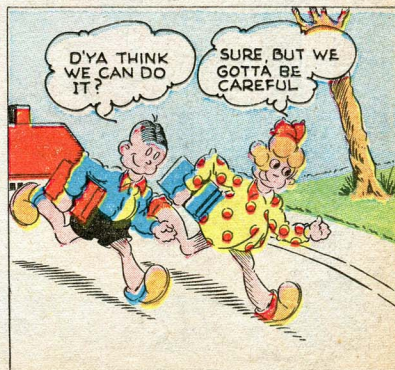
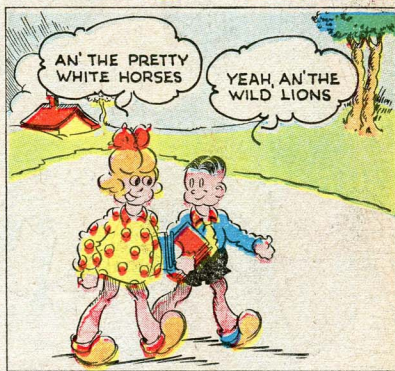
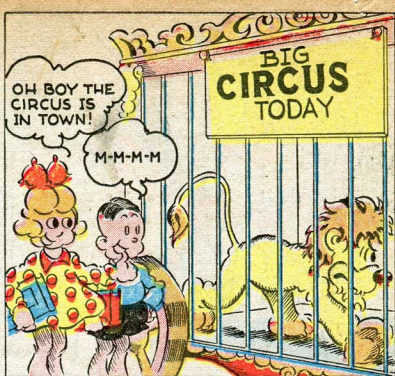


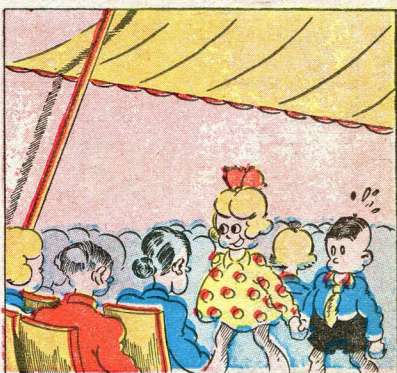
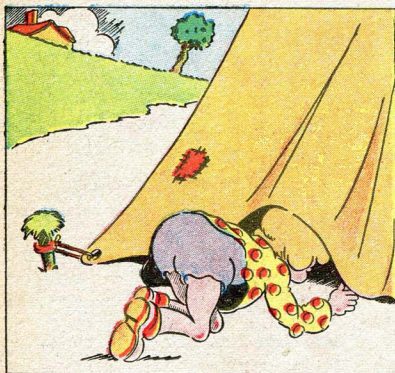
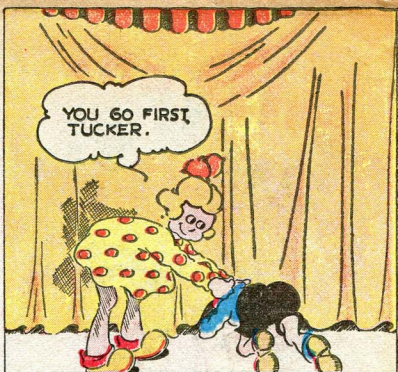
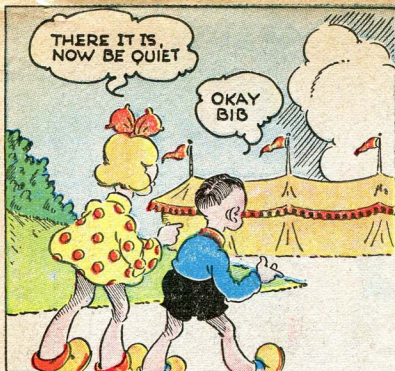
FATALLY WOUNDED MERCUTIO
BITTERLY REGRETS HAVING TAKEN
ANY PART IN THE FEUD BETWEEN
ROMEO'S AND JULIET'S FAMILIES. AS
HE DIES HE EXCLAIMS:

FRED GUARDINER

"A Plague O' Both Your Houses"

Bib and Tucker



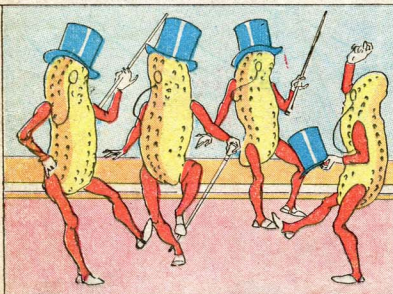


AD-VENTURES

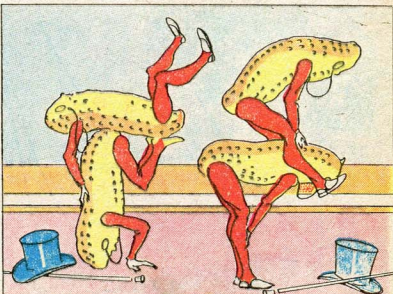
AT THE CIRCUS



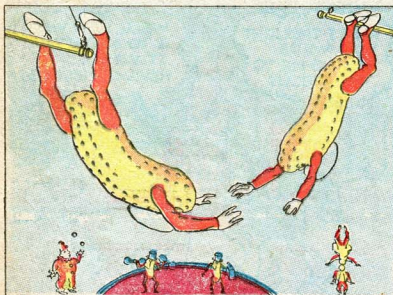
THE MAN WHO RAN THE SHOW CRIED OUT, 'ATTENTION, IF YOU WILL, FOR MISTER PLANTERS PEANUT TROUPE ARE NEXT UPON THE BILL!'



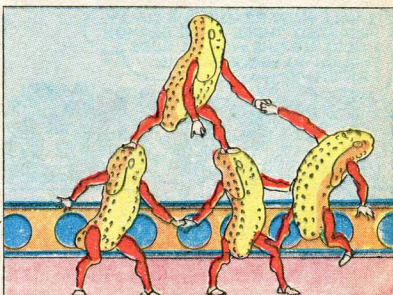
THEY QUICKLY HOPPED INTO THE RING, TO LOUD AND LUSTY CHEERS, THAT ECHOED THROUGH THE BUILDING AND RE-BOUNDED THROUGH THE TIERS



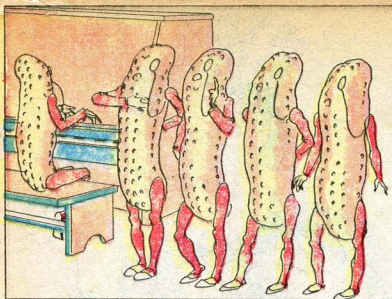
THEY SET ASIDE THEIR OPERA HATS, LAY DOWN THEIR WALKING STICKS, ELECTRIFIED THE CHEERING CROWDS WITH ACROBATIC TRICKS



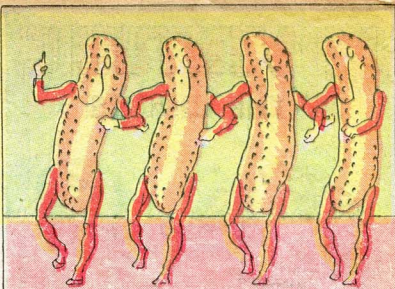
THEY TOSSED EACH OTHER IN THE AIR, WITH PERFECT GRACE AND EASE, UPON THE GROUND, UP IN THE AIR, AND ON THE HIGH TRAPEZE.



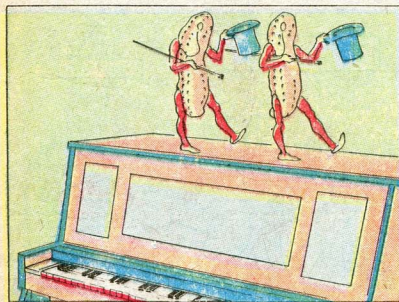
THEY TUMBLED WELL, THIS AGILE GROUP, AND BUILT A PYRAMID. NO WONDER LOUD THE AUDIENCE CHEERED EVERYTHING THEY DID!



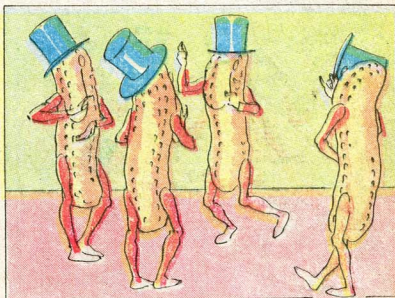
THEY SHOWED THAT THEY WERE VERSATILE,
STATING THEY WOULD RENDER,
IN HARMONY A PRETTY TUNE,
CALLED THE PEANUT VENDOR."



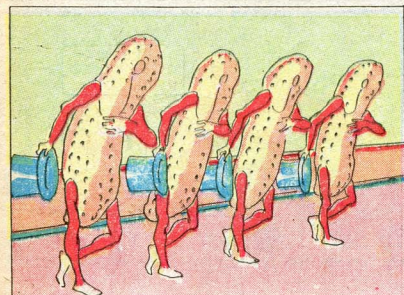
AND THEN THEY DANCED AND HOW THEY DANCED!
MUSIC LOUDLY PLAYING,
THEY TROD THE BOARDS IN RHYTHMIC STYLE,
BACK AND FORTH KEPT SWAYING."



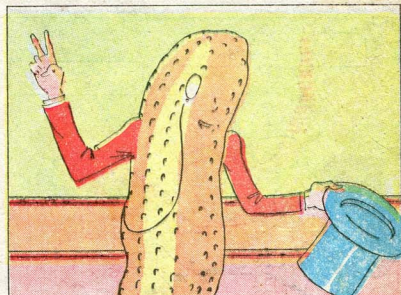
MOST EVERY KIND OF DANCE THEY DID,
GRACEFUL STYLE AND MANNER,
THEN EVEN STRUTTED, CAKE WALK STYLE,
THERE ON THE PIANO



THEN SEPARATELY A DANCE,
EACH ONE IN TURN APPEARING.
I DOUBT IF ANY LIVING ONE
EVER HEARD SUCH CHEERING



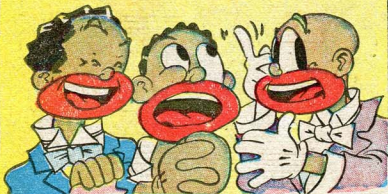
THEN MISTER PEANUT MAN WAS FORCED
TO SPEAK AND THANK THE CROWD.
AND YOU COULD TELL THE WAY HE SPOKE,
THAT HE WAS MIGHTY PROUD.



"I TOLD YOU WE WERE GOOD," SAID HE.
"THAT I'VE ALWAYS BOASTED
YOU FOUND US GOOD WHEN WE WERE HOT;
TRY US WHEN WE'RE TOASTED."

MINSTRELS

CHEERIO

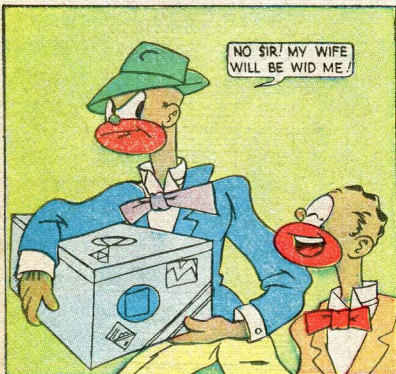


CHICKEN SITTING ON DE FENCE - HAW HAW HAW.
RUFUS SPIED HIM AND DAT CHICK AIN'T NO MORE!

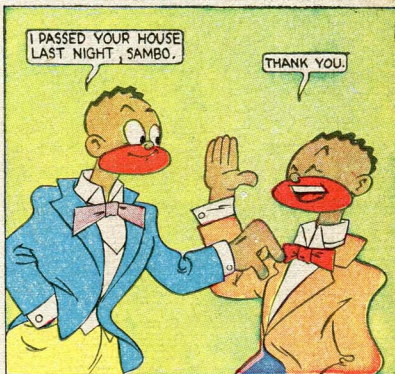


I'VE GOING AWAY
ON A TRIP.

A PLEASURE TRIP?

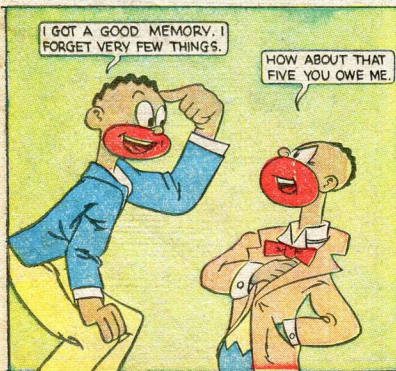


NO SIR! MY WIFE
WILL BE WID ME!



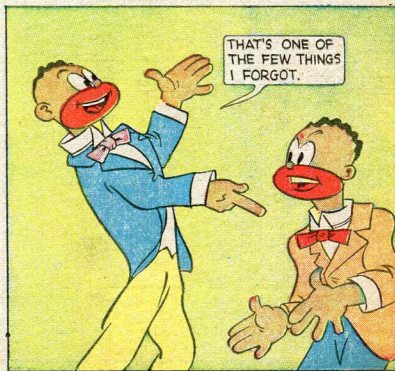
I PASSED YOUR HOUSE
LAST NIGHT, SAMBO.

THANK YOU.



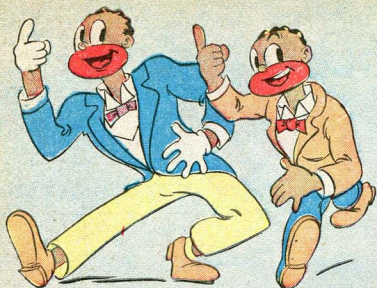
I GOT A GOOD MEMORY. I
FORGET VERY FEW THINGS.

HOW ABOUT THAT
FIVE YOU OWE ME.

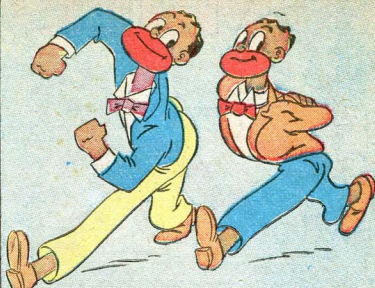


THAT'S ONE OF
THE FEW THINGS
I FORGOT.

♪ I SAT DOWN UPON A FENCE ♪
♪ HAPPY AS COULD BE ♪

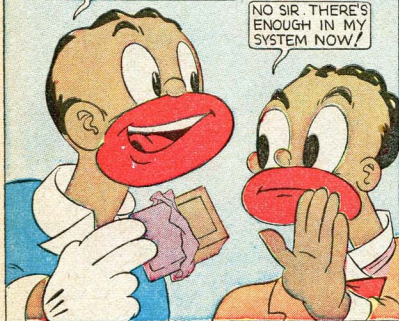


♪ GOT RIGHT UP BECAUSE I SAY ♪
♪ UPON A BUMBLE BEE. ♪



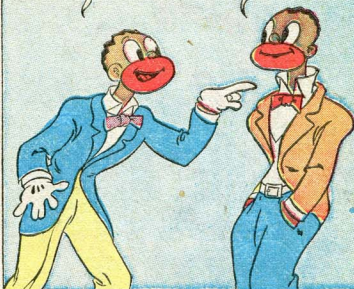
SAMBO, WILL YO HAVE A
PIECE OF CHOCOLATE ?

NO SIR, THERE'S
ENOUGH IN MY
SYSTEM NOW!



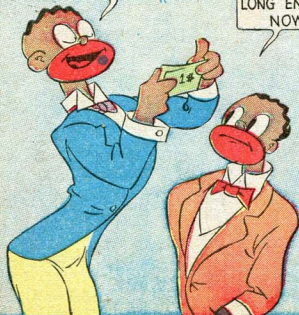
WILL YO LEND ME
TWO DOLLARS FOR
A MINUTE.

IF YO WAIT A
MINUTE YO WON'T
WANT IT.

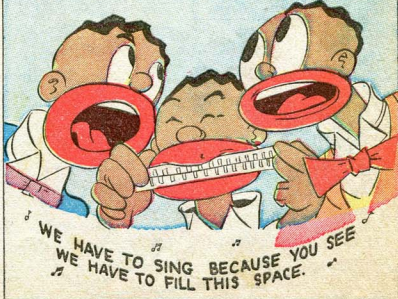


I HEAR THEY'RE NOT GOING
TO MAKE \$1:00 ANY LONGER.

NO SIR, THEY'RE
LONG ENOUGH
NOW.

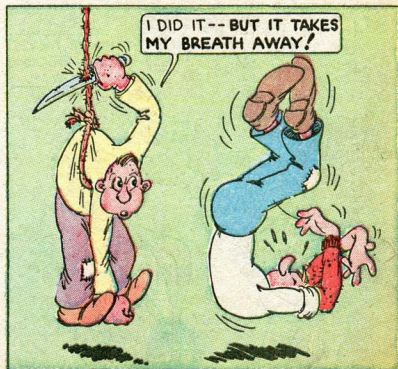
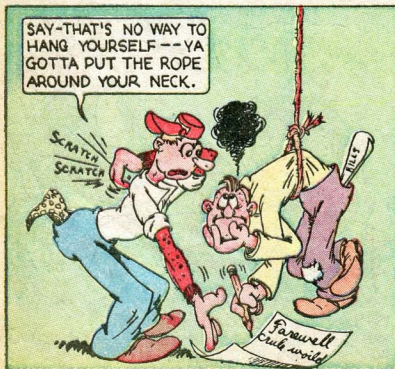
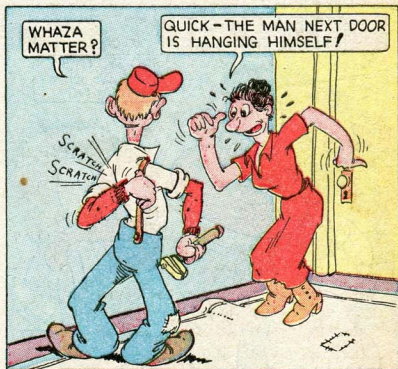
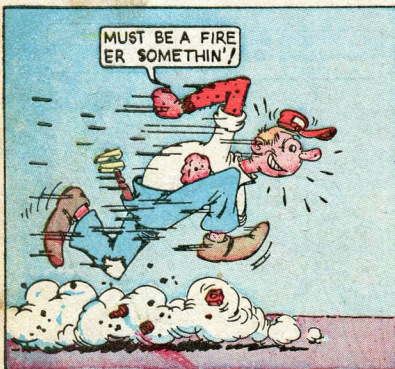
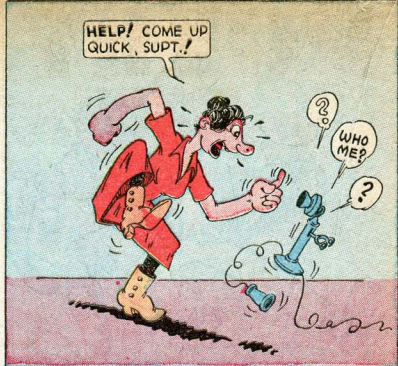


♪ WE'LL SING A MERRY MINSTREL SONG ♪
♪ A SMILE UPON OUR FACE ♪



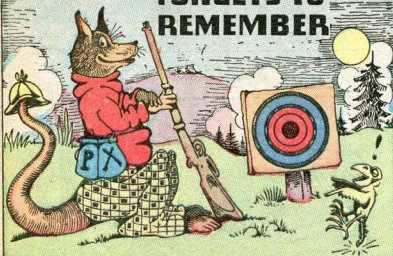
♪ WE HAVE TO SING BECAUSE YOU SEE ♪
♪ WE HAVE TO FILL THIS SPACE. ♪

Joe McGEE

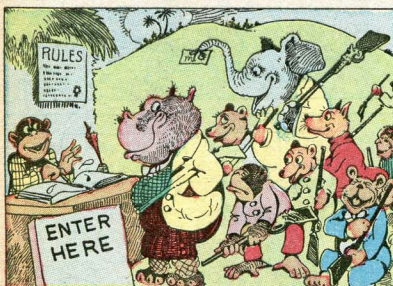


POKEY

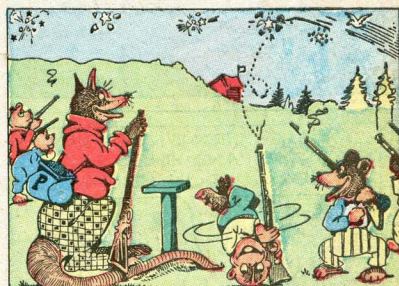
**FORGETS TO
REMEMBER**



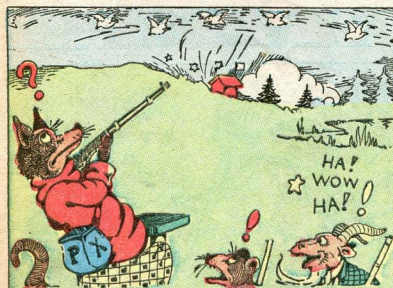
NOW SHOOTING PIGEONS MADE OF CLAY WAS QUITE A FAVORITE SPORT. TO BE THE "CHAMP" OF JUNGLE TOWN THIS TITLE MANY SOUGHT.



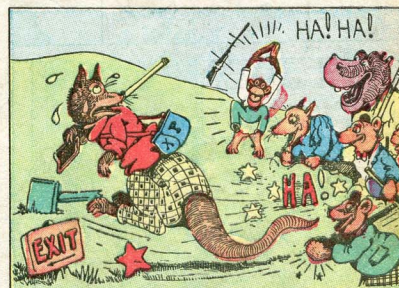
AND SO A CONTEST WAS ARRANGED TO SEE WHO WAS THE BEST. YOUNG POKEY ENTERED IN THE RACE ALONG WITH ALL THE REST.



WITH RIFLE HE WAS QUITE AT HOME. THE TIME CAME TO BEGIN, AND POKEY WAS QUITE CONFIDENT THAT HE WOULD SURELY WIN.



IT WAS HIS TURN TO SHOW HIS STUFF! HE TOOK A CAREFUL AIM AND DIDN'T HIT THE MARK AT ALL, - IT WAS AN AWFUL SHAME!



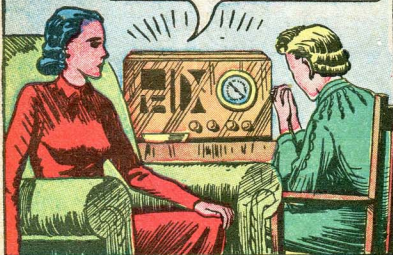
THE CROWD ROARED OUT WITH GREAT DELIGHT TO THEM. IT WAS MUCH FUN! HE MIGHT HAVE WON THE CONTEST, BUT HE FAILED TO LOAD HIS GUN!

Ima Sphinx

HER ACTION SPEAKS LOUDER THAN WORDS!



THE COLOR AND BRILLIANCE
OF THE CROWD AT THE
CORONATION IS DAZZLING.



...AH, WHAT AN IMPRESSIVE SIGHT!
THE KING HAS JUST BEEN CROWNED..



...AND THE QUEEN IS NOW WEARING
HER CROWN, AND HOLDS HER
JEWELLED WAND IN HER HAND...



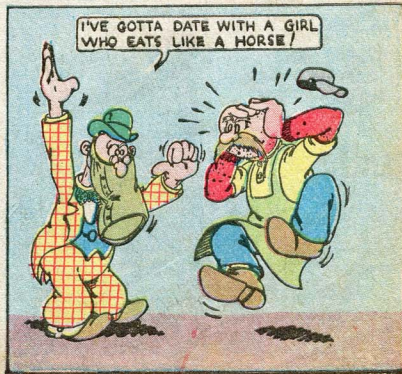
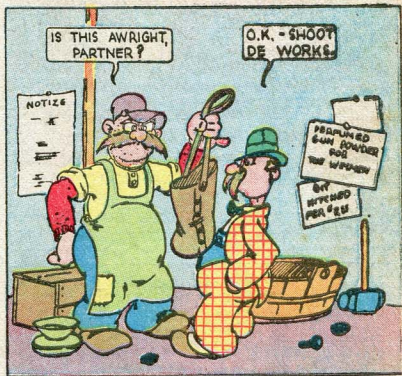
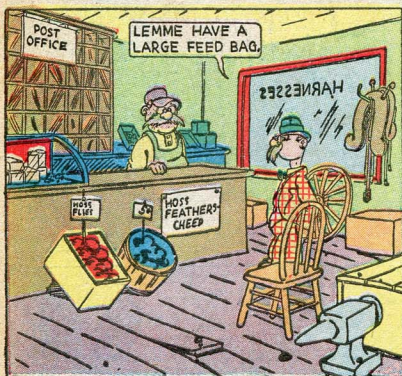
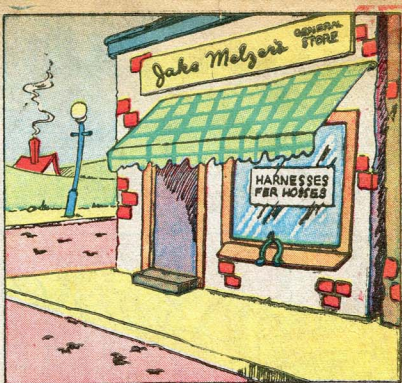
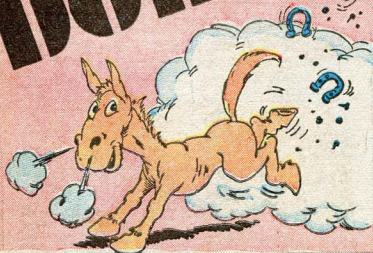
GEE, IT MUST BE WON-
DERFUL TO BE A QUEEN!



HOW I WISH I HAD
A CROWN AND A
SLENDER WAND!



Joe DOKEN



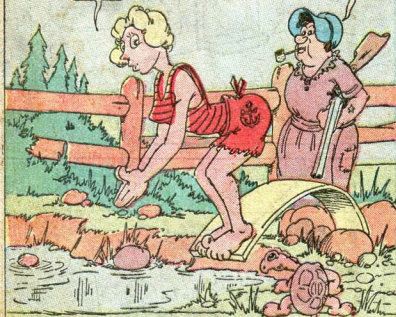


JINGLE JINGLE



AW
SHECKS
MAW!

YO KIN STAY PUT IN THEM THAR
NEW FANGLED STORE BOUGHT
CLOTHES BUT YA GOTTA KEEP
OUT'A OUR DRINKIN' WATER,
LIZZY!



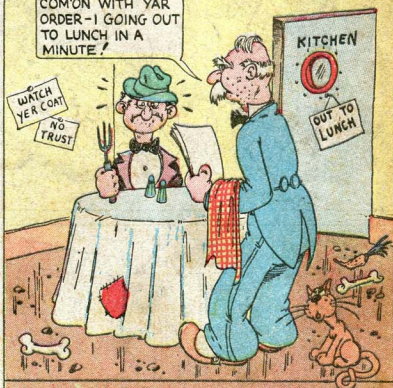
OH MOTHER MAY I GO TO SWIM
WHY YES MY DARLING DAUGHTER
JUST WALK AROUND IN YOUR NEW SUIT
BUT DON'T GO IN THE WATER.

COM'ON WITH YAR
ORDER-I GOING OUT
TO LUNCH IN A
MINUTE!

WATCH
YER COAT
NO
TRUST

KITCHEN

OUT TO
LUNCH



"I'D LIKE TO SEE THE OWNER OF
THIS RESTURANT AND HOW."
I'M SORRY SIR, IT CAN'T BE DONE
HE'S OUT TO LUNCH RIGHT NOW

POLICE! COME
QUICK-I'M A
BURGLAR-HELP
ME--!

OH GOODY-
A MAN
UNDER MY
BED.



THE OLD MAID FOUND A ROBBER
RIGHT BENEATH HER BED
OH BOY, THIS IS MY LUCKY DAY
IS WHAT THE OLD MAID SAID.

I'M
CROWNED!



I'D LIKE TO BE A KING SAID HE
I'D LIKE THAT KIND OF LIFE
I'LL CROWN YOU WITH A FLOWER POT
SAID HIS SWEET LOVING WIFE.